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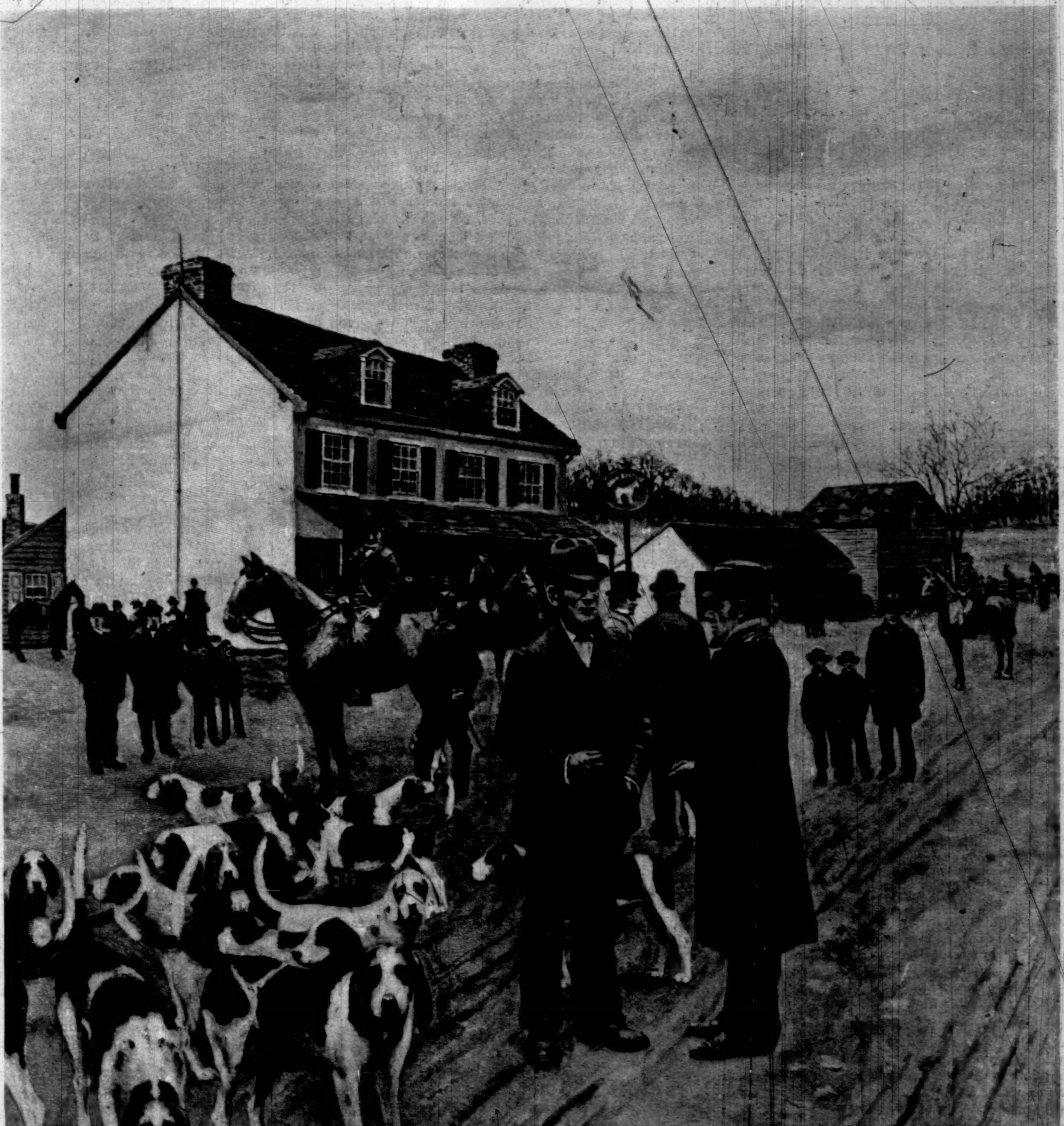

A COUNTRY MEET.—Drawn by Winfield S. Lukens.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
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DEVELOPMENTS in what is supposed to be the movement for dividing China among the three great powers whose fleets have been in evidence on her coast have gone on slowly. On the whole, it would appear as if the danger of war were diminishing. Great Britain's position is so manifestly just that she has the sympathy of the people of the civilized world. We say the people advisedly, for we believe that if, for example, war should come between England and Russia over China—an improbable event, we admit—the people of France would make trouble for their government if the latter should undertake to interpret the treaty between the two countries to mean that France must stand by Russia, and against England, with her army and navy. As to us, we ought to bear in mind that in China England's cause is ours, and that if the worst should happen to England, the United States would come nearer having righteous occasion for engaging in war than our Jingoes have yet dreamed of.

ALTHOUGH we have Senator CHANDLER'S word for it that Mr. MCKINLEY has hopes of the ultimate triumph of international bimetallism, there is no evidence that the bimetallic sentiment is growing in Europe. Russia has remained firm in her determination to adhere to the gold standard just established, and there is much more likelihood that India will adopt the gold basis than that she will re-open her mints to silver. Not only is there no evidence that bimetallism is becoming stronger in Europe: there is just now, strange to say, less noise being made in London and elsewhere by silver men. The noise is all here, and it is being made principally by free-coinage men, who regard Mr. MCKINLEY'S utterances for bimetallism as declarations in favor of free silver. And so they are, practically. If the President really told Senator CHANDLER that he had hopes for bimetallism, he once more gave encouragement to the Bryanites, and helped in that way to make more arduous the struggle for sound money, the renewal of which seems now to be inevitable.

WE have it on excellent authority, and from the insurgent side, that the Spaniards are now carrying on civilized warfare in Cuba. Nevertheless, autonomy has not been accepted, and the armies of GOMEZ and GARCIA are still unconquered, and there is no sign whatever that Captain-General BLANCO will meet with any more success in the field than did his two predecessors. On the other hand, there is no reason to believe that the insurgents can possibly drive the Spaniards off the island. They can hold on, and they can prevent Cuba from again becoming a producer of Spanish revenue, while Spain is evidently becoming tired. The Spanish friends of WEYLER have broken out in riots in Havana, which have made war seem very near to this country. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that Americans engaged in the Cuban insurrection should believe that Spain will quietly drop the island in a few months. But a good deal still depends on us. Our Jingoes can easily prevent such a happy consummation if they set their mouths to it.

WHAT does Congress intend to do about the civil service law? The politicians are evidently greatly disturbed over it, and will do everything they dare, even to the repeal of the law. On Tuesday of last week the House concluded a debate on the provision of the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill making the annual appropriation for the support of the Civil Service Commission. The speeches against the law took a wide range of indecency. Mr. GROSVENOR led the attack in a speech of great personal malignity. He found occasion, in the course of it, to express his sympathy with Tammany Hall as a representative anti-civil-service-reform organization. Somewhat ungratefully, but with much force, Mr. AMOS CUMMINGS declared that Tammany Hall is not so corrupt as is the Ohio Republican organization, and we think he proved that it is no worse. Mr. BROSIUS and others made able speeches in favor of the law; but it is clear that GROSVENOR, the blasphemous "CY" SULLOWAY, and the other spoilsmen have the sympathy of most of the politicians in the House, notwithstanding the declarations of both parties in favor of the reform. Mr. REED brought the debate to a close, and it is his intelligent tyranny and the undoubted popularity of the law that have saved the reform.

AN extraordinary debate has been going on in the Senate over the civil service law. Some time ago the Senate called upon the members of the cabinet to express their opinions upon the executive orders extending the classified service. The answers that have been received, considering the confidential relations that are supposed to exist between those who made them and the President, are very curious. As they are criticisms of the President, they indicate great dread on the part of the cabinet of the noisy spoils politicians in Congress. Secretary SHERMAN'S answer was the promptest. He thought that certain heads of bureaus, as they occupied what he calls a "quasi-confidential" relation to the Secretary, ought to be excepted from the operation of the rules, although he hastens to say that the persons now occupying these places are diligent, faithful, and intelligent. In other words, he has no reason whatever to give for wanting the places exempted. Secretary GAGE thinks that a number of offices—including deputy internal revenue collectorships—should be turned over to the bosses, national and local. The whole attempt to discredit civil service reform—for that is what it is—is most indecent, as Senators HOAR and COCKRELL pointed out, because the Senate has invited members of the cabinet to criticise in a communication to the legislative branch of the government the official action of their chief.

THE question of pension frauds continues to attract the attention of the press, but there is not much evidence that Congressmen are greatly disturbed over the matter. That certain applicants for pensions are worried, however, was shown last week by the communication which the WEEKLY published from a "brave defender of the nation," whose sixty days' exertions as a guard at a railroad junction in Maryland had made him deaf. The other day the *World* gave a list of cases in which disbarment and other penalties had been inflicted on pension attorneys. They show how these pension sharks work. Some of them rob the pensioner of most of his pension, relying sometimes for the silence of the latter on the frauds of which they have been jointly guilty. Others have forged signatures to applications and the names of officials; manufactured false affidavits; blackmailed dishonest pensioners; obtained pensions for unmarried women on the allegation that they were soldiers' widows; collected money on vouchers for soldiers who were dead; and connived with examiners at false ratings. These are characteristic crimes of some of the men who have done most to make it necessary to appropriate this year $140,000,000 for pensions. The New York *Sun* began printing the list of pensioners a few days ago. Within a day it was discovered, by neighbors of an old soldier who was dead, his wife being also dead, that some one was still collecting his pension. Could there be better evidence of the advantage of publishing these lists?

THE seal-skin regulations of the Treasury Department, under the law recently enacted, have operated with great harshness upon some American citizens, and also upon some citizens of Canada. The customs officials were ordered to seize all seal-skin garments coming into the country the owners of which did not have certificates, procured from customs officers here or from consuls abroad, to the effect that their seal-skins were not the fruits of pelagic sealing. The execution of the order was naturally attended with many outrages—outrages that would not have been tolerated for a moment in England, and that would have overthrown the government in France; outrages, moreover, which we fancy WILLIAM II. would not inflict on a Chinaman. Cloaks were snatched from the backs of women, and one Canadian, a resident of Windsor, a suburb of Detroit, having ventured into our civilization, was officially robbed of his seal-skin cap, and was obliged to borrow a sombrero from a charitable customs officer before he could return home. The order has now been modified, so that we are to be less barbarous in the future; but the order and its consequences are logical results of the Middle Age tariff policy under which the government presumes to dictate to American citizens both as to the kind of clothes they shall wear and as to who shall make them. It is true that the seal question is not the tariff question, but no Treasury officer would have dreamed of dragging clothes from the backs of travellers if he had not been educated under our precious tariff system.

MR. HANNA has been elected Senator from Ohio for both the short and long terms. He succeeded after a long contest, in which were displayed, all the eccentricities of the hopeless vulgarity and of the depressing corruption of Ohio politics. It seemed to be admitted on both sides that money was the potent factor of the campaign. Beyond this, each side was essentially as bad as the other. No man named—HANNA, BUSHNELL, KURTZ, or MCKISSON—was worthy to be Senator. Women became important figures in the contest. A certain Mrs. GRIFFITH turned her Republican husband away from HANNA, and she thus became a centre of attraction. She was enticed away by HANNA forces, locked up in a room in a strange hotel, worked with and pleaded with, stormed at and insulted, and subjected to treatment so outrageous that any husband not a member of the Ohio Legislature would have resented it at the risk of his life. But GRIFFITH finally voted for HANNA, and was reported in a newspaper to have excused himself on the ground that the KURTZ managers had insulted his wife quite as liberally as had the HANNA men. It was a filthy stew, and it slopped over beyond the borders of the State. The WEEKLY has itself received from HANNA women of Ohio uncomplimentary epistolatory attentions that make us all the more certain that woman suffrage will produce most unhappy effects on what is now—aside from these Ohio women politicians—the gentler and the more refined sex. It is a pity that HANNA is to be a Senator. It would have been a pity if KURTZ or BUSHNELL or MCKISSON had been chosen. MCKISSON, by-the-way, announced to the Democrats who supported him in their caucus that while he must remain a Republican, he would pledge himself to stand on the Chicago, or BRYAN, platform—which is another bit of evidence, to accompany GROSVENOR'S repudiation of the civil service plank of his party's platform, that the difference between the two parties is very slight. It is not only a pity that one of the Ohio Republican leaders is to be a Senator, but it would have been a pity if any one of the Ohio Democratic leaders had been elected. And this, shameful as it may seem, is what can honestly be said about the politics and the politicians of Mr. MCKINLEY'S own State.

IS REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT A FAILURE?

MR. HENRY WATTERSON has written an article on the political outlook, which appears in the *Forum*, and which is a timely and suggestive contribution to current political discussion. Mr. WATTERSON undertakes to point out that good government in this country is impossible under either of the two principal parties, and that the National Democratic party, largely by the active hostility of the Republican party, has lost its opportunity to serve as a balance of power.

There is no doubt that Mr. WATTERSON is right in his conclusions as to the worthlessness and iniquity of the two organizations known as the regular Republican and the regular Democratic parties, and he is also correct in saying that the ingratitude of the Republicans to their allies, the gold Democrats, without whose votes, direct and indirect, Mr. MCKINLEY could not have been elected, has disqualified the National Democratic party from accomplishing anything as a Democratic organization. Whether with another name and with the same purpose it may not be the nucleus of a new party, hostile to both parties, as the newly created Republican party was hostile both to the Whig and the Democratic organizations, is another question. We hope that such an organization is not only possible, but that it is imminent, for so long as the leaders of the two existing parties control our Federal and State governments this republic will remain a potent witness to the truth of the contention that representative government is a failure, and that democracy is doomed.

What are the demands of our political situation, and what are the conditions which the two parties have brought about? The very first need of our government is to be representative, and, not to speak of the State governments, the Federal government fails in this respect. It is the fashion to say that a people governing themselves have the kind of government they deserve, but it is more easy to say this than to prove it. There are a good many complications in our electoral machinery which prevent a true expression of opinion by the people. As a rule, the people are obliged to choose between evils—between two bosses or two machines—and this is the reason for the apparent rapid change of view manifested by the voters at different elections of which Mr. Watterson speaks. It is very difficult under these circumstances to say precisely what the people believe in or desire, but there are some facts that stand out prominently, and that assure even the politicians of the belief of the people on certain questions. The platforms of the two parties, for example, show, what is undoubtedly the fact, that the people want honest and economical government, and believe in the reformed civil service. It is also true, we think, that the elections of 1890 and of 1892 show that the people are opposed to excessive tariff taxation, such as was then imposed by the McKinley law and is now imposed by the Dingley law. We believe, moreover, that the election of 1896 demonstrated that the people are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and we are sure that, if old party ties had had no influence, the majority against Mr. Bryan would have been much larger than it actually was. It is pretty clear, too, from the platforms of the two parties, that the politicians who drew them believed that the people are opposed to Jingoism—that is, at least, that the Jingoes are in a minority. In respect to this subject, as in respect to civil service reform, the politicians attempt to hold the support of the majority by their platform promises, and the support of the belligerent and the spoils-seeker by what they call their records.

The utter failure of either party to keep its pledges when it is intrusted with the power to do so is what we have in mind in saying that the government is misrepresentative. The Democratic leaders in the Senate defeated a serious effort to reform the tariff made in compliance with the promises of their party in the campaign against what was called McKinleyism; and the Republican party has as yet done nothing for the promised reform of the currency, nor does it seem likely that it will take even the small step towards reform which has been suggested by Secretary Gage. At the same time the politicians, relieved for the moment from the fear of the people, are attacking civil service reform, which they dare do nothing but extol in their platforms and on the stump. Extravagance, which is denounced during campaigns, is indulged in the moment the election is over and another lease of power is secured. The politicians count on two facts or states of mind. In the first place, all voters who are interested in bad government are active-minded and alert; with these records count, and those who are in a position to make records are watched. In the second place, the great mass of the people are indifferent to bad records, or forget them, or are easily fooled by new promises. A third factor, and one most important for the maintenance of misrepresentative government, is that there is no difference of principle between the parties.

The present needs of the government are understood. The country wants its standard of value definitely determined. It wants its monetary system reformed, and its bank currency not only sound, but elastic. It wants a revenue sufficient for its necessary expenses, and the reduction of those expenditures to reasonable limits; the retirement of the government from partnership in private businesses; the acceptance of civil service reform as an accomplished fact; an end of jobs and jobbing; and an opportunity to engage peaceably in the commerce of the world.

But not one of these ends can be attained through the agency of the Republican and Democratic parties. The Republican President is even now encouraging the opponents of sound money by declaring that he is still hopeful of international bimetallism, and, in the face of overwhelming testimony to the contrary, still believes that it may be brought about. The next Democratic candidate, most likely Mr. Bryan himself, will be for free silver. The Republican Congress continues to be extravagant and to make war on commerce, and the Democratic politicians have shown that they will be as extravagant if they come into power, and that they are incapable of amending the revenue laws. Under neither party can a reform of the pension laws be expected. Nor can any reform or any political virtue be anticipated from parties led on the one side by Hanna, Quay, Foraker, Chandler, Sewell, and Platt, and on the other by Tillman, Brice, Croker, Bryan, Gorman, and Smith. The strongest commentary that can be made on the existing condition of parties is that, so long as our government is under the control of the present Republican and Democratic leaders, it is essential that a virtuous tyrant and usurper like Speaker Reed should preside over the House of Representatives. He is our one protector of every accomplished reform, and our one obstacle to evil legislation. When we recognize this fact, is it extravagant to assert that under present conditions representative government in this republic is bad government, and that a new party is needed if it is to grow any better?

HAWAII AND THE PARTITION OF CHINA.

The occupation of the Bay of Kiao-chou by the Germans, and the prospect of other seizures of Chinese territory by various European powers, looking possibly to an eventual dismemberment of the Chinese Empire on a larger scale, is said to have given a new impulse to the somewhat flagging movement for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. The advocates of that annexation scheme generally admit that it would be unwise on our part to meddle directly with what is going on in China, and to entangle this republic in the conflicts which may follow. But they say that the designs of the grasping European powers must be watched with a keen eye; that it is our duty to provide for the protection of our treaty rights and our commercial interests in China; and that to this end the possession of Hawaii by the United States will be of supreme importance, if not an absolute necessity. This presentation of the case invites sober analysis.

That our treaty rights and our legitimate commercial interests in China should have adequate protection nobody will deny. The question is, what protection do they need? It is not intended here to commend or justify in any manner the policy of certain European powers, which, taking advantage of the military and naval helplessness of the Chinese government, aim at territorial conquest within the ancient empire. But when we merely consider our commercial interests, and how they may be affected by the occupation of Chinese ports by European powers, we must not forget that China has not at all been an open country freely accessible to our trade; that, on the contrary, trade has been confined to a certain limited number of ports, and that foreign control would be much more apt to enlarge and unfetter than to restrict it, according as the commercial policy of the foreign powers concerned is respectively more or less liberal. From the point of view of international ethics, very much may be said against the policy of conquest which has just been inaugurated. But there is no doubt that it will break down many of the barriers which have obstructed the advance of commerce in that quarter of the world. What, as a commercial nation, we care about is not whether this or that power possesses or controls this or that port or territory, but that we should enjoy the greatest possible freedom of trade with whomsoever may possess or control such ports or territories. And the commercial interests of the United States are much more likely to be benefited than to be injured by the passing of Chinese ports that are not now open into the hands of foreigners that may open them, as, for instance, the British always do.

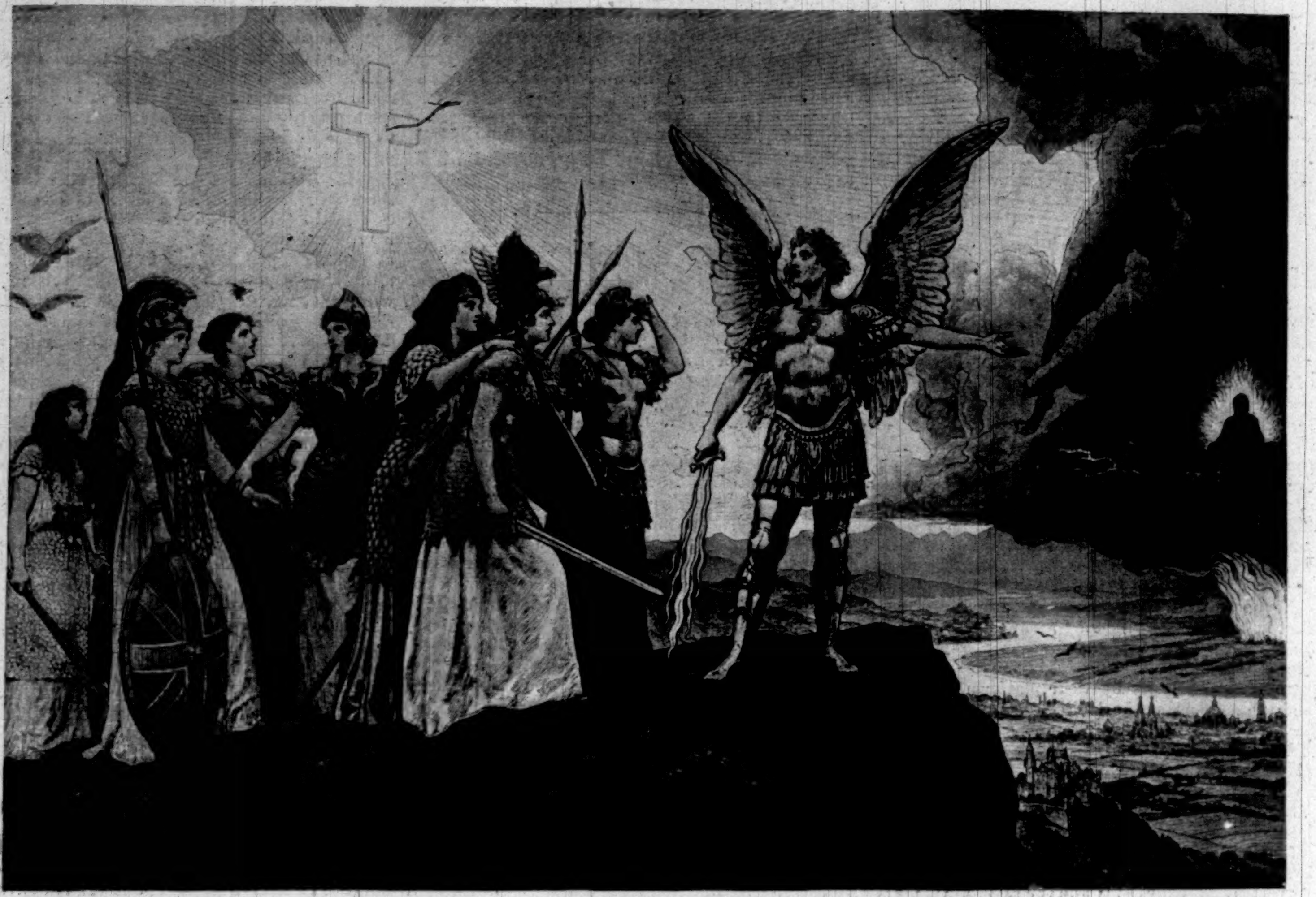
That any of the privileges we now enjoy there will be curtailed, or that in any new arrangements our commercial interests will be disregarded, is hardly to be apprehended. The reason why the United States are always treated with due consideration by the powers concerned has been repeatedly set forth in these columns. It is that, however unfriendly this or that European power may be to us at heart, there is not one of them that will not be extremely careful to avoid a serious quarrel with us, so long as we are in our present substantially unassailable continental position—in other words, so long as a war with us would be a contest of resources, a trial of endurance, in which by far the greater staying power would be on our side, and which, while not offering our enemy an opportunity for achieving a decisive advantage by a quick use of his readier armament, would expose him to incalculable dangers by offering tempting opportunities to his jealous rivals. Thus it is to be explained that we command the considerate regard of the powers of the world in a truly extraordinary degree. Nobody can survey the history of our foreign affairs since the close of our civil war without recognizing the fact that even the strongest nations would go to the utmost lengths of concession to meet our wishes, or at least to steer clear of a serious rupture of friendly relations with the United States. A word from our government sufficed to cause the withdrawal of the French army from Mexico. Great Britain settled our *Alabama* claims not only at a large expense of money, but at a tremendous sacrifice of pride. The same nation took President Cleveland's defiant Venezuela message, which would have been fiercely resented had it come from any other quarter, with a meekness of spirit proving an extreme indisposition on its part to have trouble with this republic. Examples might be multiplied.

What reason is there for apprehending that there will be less of this desire of accommodation in the future than there has been in the past, if we continue to occupy the same substantially unassailable position which we now hold? No unprejudiced person will doubt that this republic will, in China as well as elsewhere, have all its rights recognized, and any just and reasonable demand of commercial advantage—ay, any demand that is not positively and provokingly unfair—complied with by any European power without serious difficulty. Neither is there any ground for anxiety as to the position of the United States as a neutral in case the powers at present engaged in those Chinese enterprises should in the course of things get into a conflict among themselves. Our Jingoes, who are so fond of insisting that we are in constant danger of foreign aggression or insult, indeed never tire of pointing to the war of 1812, when this republic had, as a neutral, been kicked and cuffed without mercy by both belligerents. But they forget to mention that at that period this country, with its scanty population and its financial poverty, cut a very small figure in the world, rather inviting the insolence of the great military and naval powers, while now we may without exaggeration be said to be one of the strongest, and in a certain sense *the* strongest nation in the world in men and means, which cannot be offended with impunity. In fact, in case of a collision between the rivals in the far East, the belligerents would be especially mindful of our neutral rights, each dreading to see the United States on the other side.

That under such circumstances the acquisition of Hawaii should be necessary to secure respect for our treaty rights or our commercial interests in the East seems highly preposterous. It will appear the more preposterous the clearer we make it to our minds what the possession of Hawaii would really mean. It would simply be the possession of an insular territory two thousand miles away from our nearest coast, a very large majority of the population of which do not want to belong to us, and which is, in a military sense, substantially unprotected, and will be so for many years, for it will require a long time to build the fortifications and the war-ships necessary for its defence in case we should get into a broil with even a moderately strong naval power. Indeed, if there is anything that could possibly tempt any of the powers now engaged in the so-called partition of China to risk a quarrel with the United States, it would be the opportunity to take from us, by a rapid dash, a piece of entirely defenceless territory, the attempt to recover which would force us into a war far away from our superior home resources, on a field of action very disadvantageous to us. The possession of Hawaii would therefore not make us appear more formidable, but it would really make us appear far more vulnerable than we are in our present condition. Thus it would not increase our influence as to the new commercial arrangements which may be made in consequence of the invasion of China, but it would rather be apt seriously to compromise that influence.

The advocates of the annexation scheme have been endeavoring to propitiate the popular mind by much vague talk about the defence the Hawaiian Islands in our possession would be to our Pacific coast, while in fact the Hawaiian Islands, if we possessed them, would, in case of war, have to be defended from our Pacific coast by a strong fleet of war-ships. And this is the all-important point never to be lost sight of. The Hawaiian Islands can, indeed, be used for all sorts of naval purposes. But it will always require a big navy to make them useful and secure to us. All the commercial advantages they can give us we can have without annexing them, and without maintaining a large and costly navy to protect them. The question therefore simply is whether the American people are willing to give up their inestimable privilege of being great, powerful, and secure without great naval and military armaments, to plunge into a policy of wild adventure, and to create for themselves the necessity of maintaining costly armies and navies merely to enjoy benefits which, so far as they are really valuable, can be had without such armaments. This question the American people should decide with their eyes open. They should certainly not permit themselves to be stampeded by vague and fanciful declamation.

Carl Schurz.



NATIONS EUROPÉENNES!
DÉFENDEZ VOS BIENS SACRÉS!

Völker Europas
wahrt eure heiligsten Güter
Wilhelm I.R.

NATIONS OF EUROPE!
JOIN IN THE DEFENCE OF YOUR FAITH AND YOUR HOMES!

THE YELLOW PERIL.

"AFTER A SKETCH BY HIS MAJESTY EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY, KING OF PRUSSIA, EXECUTED BY H. KNACKFUSS, 1895."

A PICTURE BY EMPEROR WILLIAM.

(THERE was a time when the world watched the multifarious activities of Emperor William of Germany with considerable apprehension. But repeated shocks to the nervous system deaden the susceptibilities, and accordingly, when the telegraph flashed the news that the Emperor had given the historical painter, Hermann Knackfuss, a sketch and instructions to work it up into a historical picture, the world for the most part smiled. It was understood, with a sort of languid interest, that the subject represented Michael, the archangel, summoning the powers of Europe under the sign of the cross, while across a ravine appeared a figure in the attitude of the statues of Buddha. It had beneath it what newspaper men call a scare line—"The Yellow Peril." Was it simply an illustration of the Old World division between Christ and Buddha, or did Michael typify some modern Peter the Hermit? And, if so, was the Emperor proposing to assume the rôle? And this yellow peril, what did it amount to? Raffaëlli, the realistic painter of the nooks and corners and street life of modern Paris, wrote the following article for the WEEKLY, in which he shows that there neither is nor can be any yellow peril; and the world seemed of the same mind.

So matters stood until last Christmas was drawing near—that season of peace on earth and good-will to men—and the Emperor presented the world with a Christmas surprise packet. Again it was the yellow peril—no longer, however, an allegorical suggestion, but a hard fact; and we find we had read the allegory wrongly. It was not Europe, after all, that was in peril from China, but China herself that was to turn a paler yellow at her own peril from abroad.

The Emperor has attracted more attention to Kiao-chou than he did to his sketch. Whether the present situation was skilfully concealed in that work of art, or circumstances have changed the course of the imperial dream, is a subject for interesting conjecture.)

Everything that comes to us from one of those men whom the accident of birth has made kings with unlimited power, magnificent emperors, ought to be examined, weighed, tested, with hesitation, anxious suspicion, and incessant care; just as our chemists in the laboratory of Paris should do when a pot is brought to them which has been found upon the roadway. What does it enclose? Is it explosive? Has it a fuse? Does it confine some terrible acid, or simply the lunch which the street-sweeper's wife has placed upon the ground a moment ago for her husband, and therefore contains only an indifferent hash pretty badly seasoned?

Well, a few weeks back I was looking at a reproduction—very bad, it must be admitted—of the latest picture of my powerful confrère William II., Emperor of Germany.

I shall certainly not tell you what I think of it as a painting, for to judge a painting properly, one must first see it. Reproductions, especially bad ones, give no idea of the art which may be concealed in all the lines and colors. But this picture bore a title with a well-established meaning—"The Yellow Peril."

This subject, to be plain, is allegorical, It belongs to the symbolic class. So my powerful confrère is a symbolist! Now what is the value of this subject? How are France and the neighboring powers at present, or likely to be, in peril by act of the Asiatic, and of Indians, Chinese, and Japanese in particular? This is what we are going to examine. We are bound to know with certainty what is contained in this enigma which menaces by reason of its subject and its author.

China is an enormous nation. It reckons four hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants—ten times France. Its population, which possessed a refined civilization, has accomplished the complete cycle of the life of nations—the taking possession of the soil, conquests, flourishing of the arts—and at length is slowly returned to a kind of general lethargy and mere animal existence; and, I will add, history in hand, it is a lethargy from which it will never wake again. I am going to prove it.

One has only to open this great book of the nations to find confirmation of the point I here urge; to discover that at no epoch, in no times, has a people which has once travelled through these different periods of development and reached the blossoming of the arts, which has once had an extended and complete period of art—that at no epoch, I say, has such a people risen from its ruin and resumed rank among the live and active nations.

Yes, it is with nations as with individuals, who are born, live, and die; save that a people composed of numberless individuals does not entirely die; no, but it falls into a lethargy of existence, an indifference to effort and to what is best, into a nihilism, in fact, which renders it henceforth a marked and easy prey to the invasion of another people, which accomplishes in its turn its movement of conquest, and believes in life and action.

Let us examine first the life of ancient India, which had an advanced civilization and an art, and which to-day, with its two hundred and forty millions of inhabitants, is held in veritable bondage by a few hundred English. We can well say that the soul of the peoples of India is dead, quite dead, and dead since five or six centuries before the Christian era!

Again, we have before us the Egyptians, famous builders of granite pyramids, invaders of Asia—for we shall find that all people who attain to power invade Asia, one after the other. The Egyptians, conquerors of Nubia, builders of Thebes and Memphis; and behold their famous Sesostris, who once more turns Asia upside down, and Europe, vanquishing the Scythians and the Thracians. Under him Egyptian art begins to decline, and when art declines, it is the soul of the people which flies further off, emigrates; and if we take as date this sovereignty of Sesostris, whose royal devices are borne upon our Obelisk of the Place de la Concorde, and who consecrated it to the gods, it has been dead for 3600 years. Henceforth her history slowly sinks into darkness and night, and to-day the Egyptians, reduced to nothing or nearly so, pass from the Turks to the English, in a moment, without a consciousness of the change. But Egypt is dead!

Then there are the Assyrians, constructors of Babylon and Nineveh. Led by the fabled Semiramis, they declined under Sardanapalus, the fellow who lived as a woman—dressed like one, anointed and painted, and who embroidered stuffs of purple and gold! Conquerors of Jerusalem, they invaded Asia in their turn—but where, then, exactly was Assyria?

The Phœnicians arrive later, but where is Carthage?

Then there are the Persians. Mighty among the mighty, they achieve once more the conquest of Asia. For always and always, I repeat it, the Egyptians first, the Assyrians next, and now the Persians conquered and reconquered Asia and pillaged it.

Then come the Greeks and beat the Persians, whose satraps permit themselves to be beaten individually one after the other, like the Chinese to-day, who in their egoism defend their particular province instead of thinking of the whole country, and so allow themselves to be beaten by the Japanese.

And next are the Macedonians, who, with Alexander, go back and beat the Persians, and reach as far as the Indians.

But where is marvellous Greece? Temple, supreme and magnificent, which no longer reckons an officiating priest? And the Roman in his turn arrives, and in his turn also goes to assert his power in Asia, and to pillage the riches of his first ancestors. And Rome, no more than Thebes and Memphis, no more than Babylon and Nineveh, no more than Jerusalem, no more than Carthage, than Athens or Sparta, has reconquered the magnificent power of the grand epochs!

This review of the famous dead—is it not convincing, equivalent to absolute conviction?

Invariably history shows us a people attaining to civilization, then falling back into mere animalism and vegetation, whilst a neighboring people, in its turn rooted in faith, goes still farther in knowledge, and conquers, enslaves, and pillages the people which preceded it in power.

Thus we have just seen, two years ago, the Japanese, who are a younger nation, go as far as the walls of Peking, and lose only one hundred and fifty men.

Ah! the Emperor William ought to know better than any one that when you are willing to pay for the glory of reaching the capital of a people that is alive and on its feet, the bill of costs fully amounts to one hundred and fifty thousand men! These Chinese! I was conversing a few days ago with two travellers, the Abbé Vigneron and M. Madrolle, who passed several years in the interior of China. They assured me that half the Chinese were absolutely ignorant even of the existence of the war which was taking place between them and the Japanese, and that the Emperor of China himself, the son of heaven, would have said: "But all this war does not concern me, and really I know nothing of what people are talking. It is that imbecile Li Hung-Chang who is fighting with the Japanese; it is not I."

There is not, then, there never has been for three thousand years, a yellow peril; *there never will be.*

That is all I would have said to my very powerful confrère had he done me the honor to ask my views upon the subject which he has chosen for his first picture, of which, I regret, I know only an indifferent and altogether unsatisfactory reproduction.

J. F. RAFFAËLLI.

A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

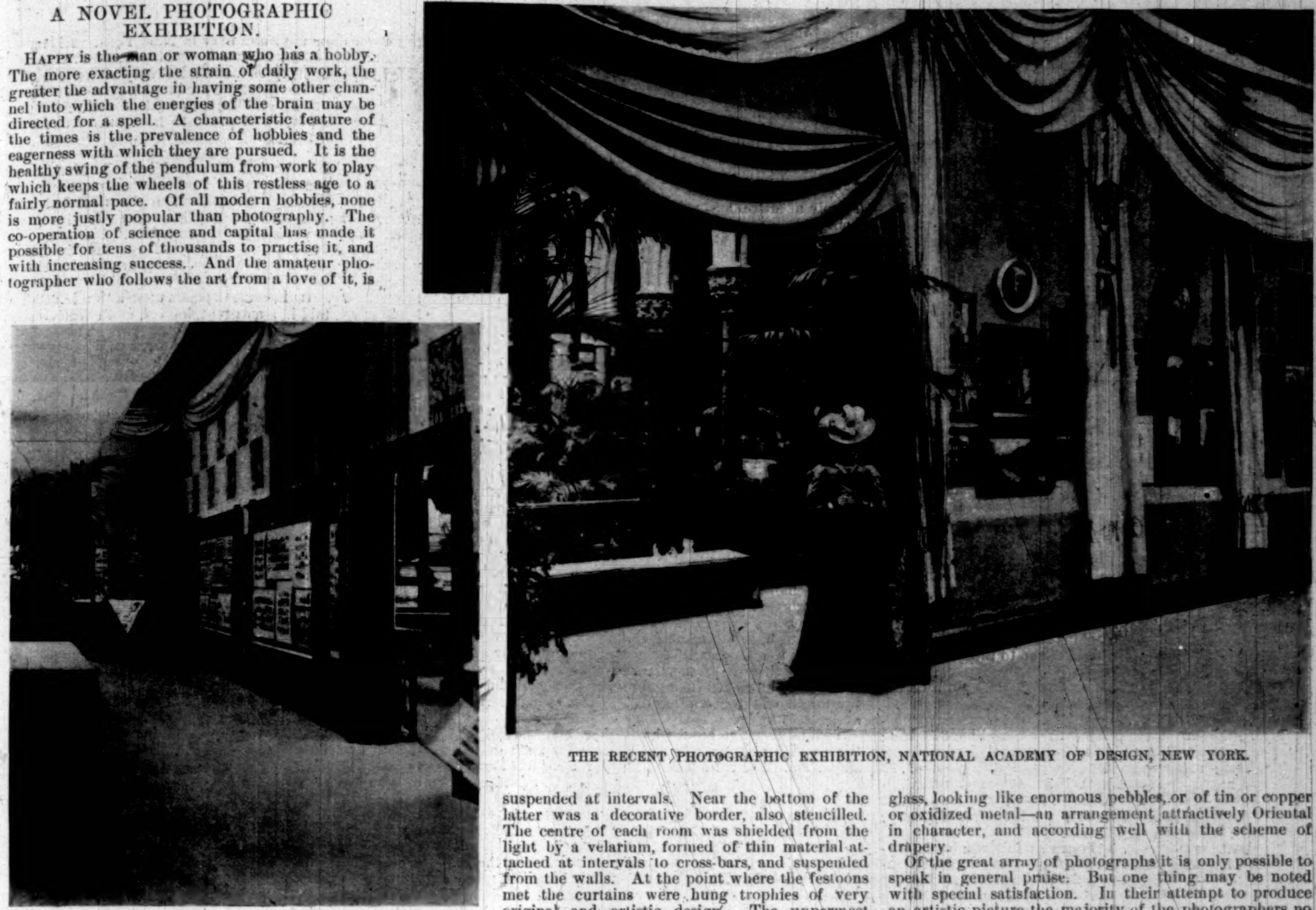
Happy is the man or woman who has a hobby. The more exacting the strain of daily work, the greater the advantage in having some other channel into which the energies of the brain may be directed for a spell. A characteristic feature of the times is the prevalence of hobbies and the eagerness with which they are pursued. It is the healthy swing of the pendulum from work to play which keeps the wheels of this restless age to a fairly normal pace. Of all modern hobbies, none is more justly popular than photography. The co-operation of science and capital has made it possible for tens of thousands to practise it, and with increasing success. And the amateur photographer who follows the art from a love of it, is not hampered by trade considerations, and brings a continually fresh and eager mind to bear upon it, is to be credited with nearly every improvement in the aims and methods. In most branches of art the amateur justifies the mild amusement with which he is regarded by the professional, but in photography it is he who has set the standard, and almost exclusively reached it

Honor to whom honor is due. It must be admitted that it is the manufacturers of photographic materials who have contributed so largely to this result. Their assertion that if you will only touch the button they will do the rest is far more true than the generality of trade catchwords. The reliability of their cameras enables the amateur with a true sense of what will make a good subject to secure results which by skilful and artistic methods of printing may be developed into a beautiful picture. Especially reliable, as well as convenient, is the little snap-shot camera. It has run the gauntlet of mild humor; its votaries have almost forgotten they were ever called "fiends," and probably by this time even the Sultan of Turkey has overcome his abhorrence of the ubiquitous and persistent "detective."

The camera is at last justified of its children, as the photographic exhibition which was recently held in New York, amply demonstrated. The nucleus of it was a set of competitions for kodak prints, which evoked a response of twenty-five thousand specimens. To the large number of prize-winning prints was added an extensive display of invited exhibits from the best amateur photographers, and the result, which filled the galleries of the Academy of Design, was a gratification to everybody and a surprise to many. The exhibition was originally held at the New Gallery, Regent Street, London, and the decoration of the rooms was assigned to Mr. George Walton. The furnishings were brought over here and set up in the academy. Mr. Walton made a background for the sepia tones of the prints by covering the walls with stout, open-meshed canvas, which was tinted pale green, warm drab, or pale greenish-purple. In some cases a simple design was stencilled on. Round the top of the walls were festoons of the same material, with drapery suspended at intervals. Near the bottom of the latter was a decorative border, also stencilled. The centre of each room was shielded from the light by a velarium, formed of thin material attached at intervals to cross-bars, and suspended from the walls. At the point where the festoons met the curtains were hung trophies of very original and artistic design. The uppermost feature was a large disk of copper or zinc perforated with a pattern. Hanging by chains from this was another device, and from it, suspended in the same way, a third. These were, variously, of colored convex glass, looking like enormous pebbles, or of tin or copper or oxidized metal—an arrangement attractively Oriental in character, and according well with the scheme of drapery.

Of the great array of photographs it is only possible to speak in general praise. But one thing may be noted with special satisfaction. In their attempt to produce an artistic picture the majority of the photographers no longer arrange a number of figures into a subject composition, but take a snap-shot at unpremeditated groups—at crowded streets, or, better still, devote themselves to recording beautiful scenes of landscape and sky and water. Their artistic knowledge and feeling are shown in the happy choice of a subject, and in the careful printing, which avoids a conflict of dark and light, and secures a harmony of graduated tones. A word must also be said of the fidelity with which they reproduce paintings and architecture. In these various ways photography lays claim to be considered a serious branch of art.

Charles H. Caffin.



THE RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.

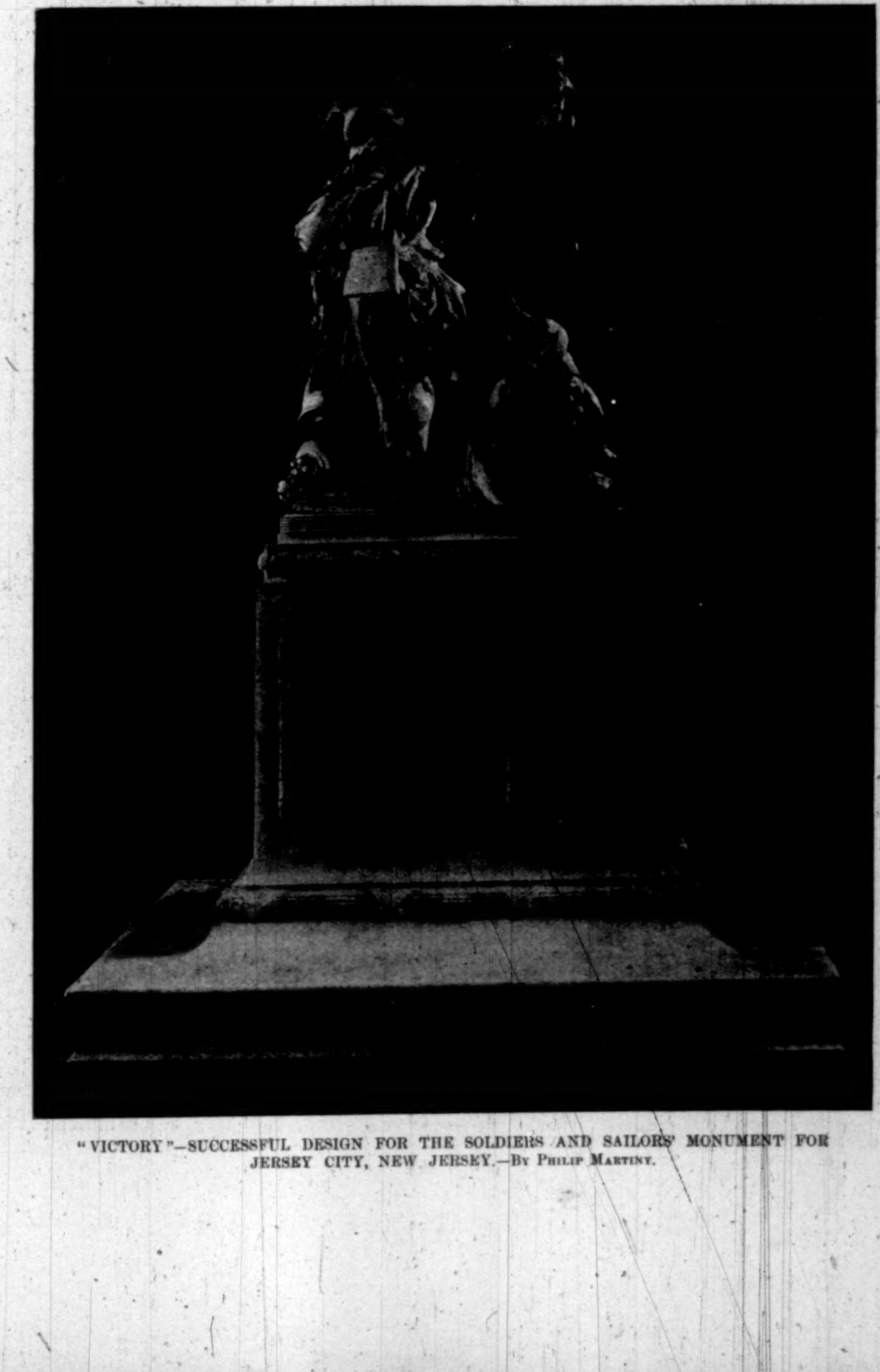
THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT FOR JERSEY CITY.

A competition among sculptors and architects, submitting designs and models for a soldiers and sailors' monument to be erected in Jersey City, pursuant to law and an appropriation of $12,500 by the State Legislature, has been decided in favor of Philip Martiny, sculptor, to whom is committed the execution of the work. Second and third prizes were awarded to C. H. Niehaus and J. Massey Rhind, carrying with them the sums of $300 and $200.

In many respects this competition is remarkable. There were thirty-nine models in the contest, and all of them from American sculptors of standing, and the expert judges called in to determine on the merits of the work were J. Q. A. Ward, president of the National Sculpture Society; George B. Post, of the Architectural League; Daniel C. French and Herbert Adams, sculptors of the first rank. The award in each instance was by a unanimous vote, and a highly admirable result has been obtained.

Martiny's model, thirty-six inches high, complete in composition, as shown in the illustration, presents a sitting figure of Victory with a Greek helmet and a pose of much dignity and sweetness, further made allegorical by a spray of olive branch to serve as an emblem that the civil war has left no lasting bitterness between the sections.

In this work Martiny exhibits qualities in composition of a high order. A single glance will show that this artist has a fine poetical temperament, knowing how to ex-



"VICTORY"—SUCCESSFUL DESIGN FOR THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT FOR JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.—By Philip Martiny.

press the lesson of the civil war in plastic allegory carefully modulated and softened by the arrangement of artistic draperies, by a thoughtful and sympathetic pose, leaving out of the *ensemble* anything that might express victory in an offensive sense.

It will be recalled that soldiers and sailors' monuments in general are drawn upon lines of martial glory, with fire and sword as the prevailing key-note of the composition and bristling with all the implements of war. In this particular case Martiny has made a happy departure, keeping in mind that the strife between brothers should not be perpetuated to ignominy of the one or the exaltation of the other. This is the spirit which led Charles Sumner, in the United States Senate, to deplore the action of Congress in ordering and buying pictures painted to glorify the victor at the expense of the vanquished, thus fanning afresh the embers of sectional hate.

The figure of Victory is nine feet high, the pedestal eight feet, and the monument itself, when placed in one of the parks of Jersey City, will form a beautiful tribute to the gallantry of Hudson County soldiers and sailors, however tardy the recognition may be.

THE BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY."

THE coming launching of these battle-ships is particularly interesting—first, because of the double event on the same day; second, because they will be the heaviest masses of steel ever launched in this country; and, finally, because they will be, when first commissioned, the mightiest of our battle-ships.

The keels of these vessels were laid on the 30th of June, 1896—six months after their construction was awarded to the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Dock Company—and their launching within eighteen months from the beginning of building is a record for this country. There is every reasonable assurance that the vessels will be completed within the contract time—another remarkable performance for ships of this size—and the contractors promise to turn them over to the government by the 2d of January, 1899.

The ships are combinations of the best features of the *Indiana* and the *Iowa* types, but with exceptionally moderate draughts, and their general dimensions and principal features are: Length on load water-line, 368 feet; maximum beam, 72 feet 2.5 inches; normal displacement, 11,525 tons; mean draught, at normal displacement, 23 feet 6 inches; speed (contract), 16 knots; maximum indicated horse-power (estimated), 10,000; coal supply, at normal displacement, 400 tons; total bunker capacity, 1210 tons; complement, 511 men.

The batteries of each ship are as follows: main battery—4 13-inch and 4 8-inch breech-loading rifles; secondary battery—14 5-inch rapid-fire rifles; auxiliary battery—20 6-pounder and 6 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, 4 Gatling guns, 1 field gun.

In addition to that offensive force may be added a torpedo equipment of four broadside discharges, two on each side amidships.

The guns of the main battery are mounted in two two-storied turrets of hardened steel, and all four guns are constrained to point in the same direction when either the upper or the lower guns are in action. The upper, or 8-inch guns, are housed within steel walls 9 inches thick, augmented to 11 inches where the guns peer out. The 13-inch guns are surrounded generally by 15 inches of steel, except at the front, where the face plates are 2 inches heavier. To penetrate that armor an enemy's shot must strike fairly and squarely with a driving force of quite 16,000 foot-tons. The 5-inch guns are placed behind a solid breastwork of 6-inch steel, and are separated one from another by dividing walls of steel 2 inches thick, that bursting shell or damage to one gun may not be spread to the neighboring pieces. The 6-pounders are mounted on the berth deck well forward and aft, and up on the superstructure deck above the 5-inch guns, and are substantially unprotected save for the small shield carried on each gun. The 1-pounders and the Gatlings are placed up in the military tops. The essentially novel feature of these vessels is the battery of 5-inch rapid-fire guns, each piece having a serviceable rapidity of fire of six shots every minute. With these guns it is intended to tear away the light armor upon a foe, and to riddle his unprotected ends with explosive shell.

The hull is protected from attack by a 7½-foot water-line belt of armor running from abreast the after turret forward to the stem. From the after end of this belt forward 174 feet the armor has a maximum thickness of 16½ inches at the top and tapers to 9½ inches at the lower edge, 4 feet below the normal water-line. Throughout the remaining part this side armor gradually diminishes to 4 inches at the stem. Two athwartship bulkheads, one forward and one aft, turn inboard at the ends of the 16½-inch armor, and terminate against the heavy barbettes which rise for the main battery from the protective deck. The forward bulkhead is 10 inches thick, and the after one 12, and, in either case, present a formidable front against a raking fire. On top of these heavy walls and the inboard ledge of the heaviest part of the water-line belt rests a flat protective deck of steel 2¾ inches thick, and below and within this sheltering mass of hardened metal are placed the engines, the boilers, and the magazines, crowded with their tons of destructiveness. Continuing from the lower edge of the athwartship bulkheads the protective deck runs slantingly to the bow and to the stern, and is generally 3 inches thick, except where it slopes to the sides and is 2 inches heavier. For a distance of 200 feet amidships, reaching from the water-line belt up to the main-deck, the sides are 5 inches thick, and back of that are many feet of coal and a wide belt of corn-pith cellulose. The cellulose belt is carried forward and aft to the ends.

Two sets of triple-expansion engines, driving twin screws, and in separate water-tight compartments, will propel the ships; and five large boilers, working at a pressure of 180 pounds, will generate the needful steam. There will be something like ninety auxiliary engines—steam, hydraulic, pneumatic, and electric—for the purposes of pumping, draining, ventilating, lighting, and the supply of miscellaneous power. The turrets and the ten ammunition hoists will be run by electricity; and these ships mark the first general adaptation of electrical control for such purposes.

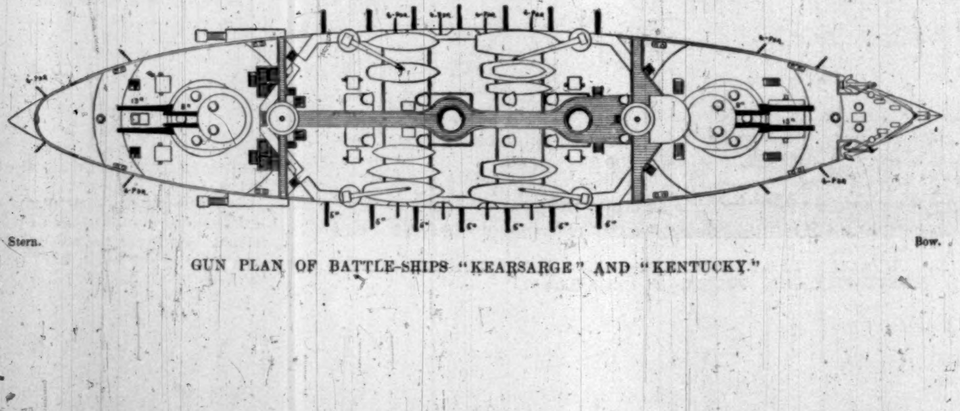
The conning-tower, or fighting station, is just below the pilot-house and abaft the forward turret, and is 10 inches thick. From it, down through an armored tube piercing the protective deck, will be led the usual vocal, electrical, and mechanical means of communication and control. Each mast will carry a set of electrical signals, and the lower masts will serve as air-shafts, down which the blowers below will draw. Chief Constructor Hichborn says:

"With their bunkers filled, and at a cruising speed of 10 knots, these vessels will have a wide radius of action, while their moderate draught will enable them to enter harbors too shallow for even the general run of heavy cruisers. The strategic advantage of this characteristic cannot be too much emphasized. In scope and arc of fire the batteries are very formidable, while in the matter of armor protection the ships are unsurpassed abroad."

Statistics are but a poor means of compassing the powers and the possibilities of such craft; but when the layman knows that these ships not only represent the highest attainment of every contributive art; that they bear the very hall-mark of our national advancement; that they are seaworthy, navigable fortresses of ponderous might; that they are storehouses and magazines, work-shops, drill-grounds, and healthful and comfortable habitations for half a thousand exacting persons, then he may appreciate a small part of their peace-time significance. In the face of a foe even their commanding officers can guess the might of those murderous batteries only in terms of abstract formulæ.

Two million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the unprecedentedly reasonable price for each of these ships; and there is no bonus offered for excess of speed.

R. G. SKERRETT.



GUN PLAN OF BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY."

THE DRAMA.

IN writing "The Conquerors," now running at the Empire Theatre, Mr. Paul Potter evidently aimed to make a "sensation of scandal." He has succeeded. In spite of gross absurdities of plot and of over-abundance of theatrical material, he has also made an interesting and a fairly effective drama. Indeed, its merits are such that Mr. Potter might have been just as successful if he had been less scandalous. It is a pity that so clever a playwright should have stooped to wholly gratuitous indecency.

Mr. Potter has been studying the contemporary French writers. He has openly appropriated some of their material, and he has made a rather bungling use of their methods. The first act introduces a group of young Prussian officers quartered in the castle of the Grandprés of Dinan, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. During the supper that they give for some Parisian dancing-girls the most reckless among them proposes a toast in which he grossly insults the French. The beautiful *Yvonne de Grandpré* promptly dashes a glass of wine into his face. On this graceful episode, which brings the act to a climax, Mr. Potter has constructed his drama. The scoundrel who has received the libation determines upon speedy revenge. But when his opportunity comes we witness a conversion more sudden and more extraordinary than that of *Clorinda Wildairs* in "A Lady of Quality." Once turned virtuous, he saves *Yvonne* from another villain, who has been lurking in the background; but instead of winning glory, he is suspected by the girl of the blackest of crimes, he is stabbed in the back by her, and he is about to be shot for having saved her brother's life. At the end, when he is given one more chance and she learns what a beautiful character he really has, she discovers that she has loved him all the time!

In spite of its many ridiculous features, Mr. Potter has actually succeeded in making the story plausible. The first act, notwithstanding that silly climax, fairly sparkles with life. The hero's conversion in the second act follows a dramatic scene, but the effect is weakened by the episode that closes the act, where villain number two meets his death. So much villany tended to create the reaction of laughter. Indeed, toward the close of the drama laughter was occasionally heard where the effect should have been profoundly serious. Mr. Potter had unnerved his audience, and yet, curiously enough, he had succeeded in maintaining the interest. Judiciously pruned, the drama would be far stronger than it seemed on its first production. It is full of action and color, and though the comedy is pretty feeble, the introduction of the groups of peasants and soldiers lends to the scenes an agreeable variety. Mr. Potter has not caught the French atmosphere, however, and his characterizations lack vigor and consistency. The piece had the advantage of an elaborate production: the scenery was beautiful, and the actors played with zest. The greatest success was made by Mr. William Faversham as the hero. Mr. Faversham has never done anything finer in New York. His impersonation was characterized by intelligence and sincerity, and his personal appearance admirably suited the part. Miss Allen, as the young French girl, gave one of her usual exasperating exhibitions of talent and affectation. Her beautiful voice will prove to be a misfortune if she persists in misusing it.

At the Knickerbocker Theatre Miss Julia Marlowe recently produced a new play, adapted from the German of Rudolph Stratz, and entitled "The Countess Valeska." After seeing the work in English, one can easily understand its great vogue last year in Berlin. It is one of the few absolutely serious dramas produced here in several years. Of humor it has none, though a certain relief is afforded by the subordinate episodes in which two young lovers figure. Its interest depends upon a simple and dramatic story, told in a coherent, logical, and effective fashion. The scene is laid in Poland in 1807. The *Countess Valeska* loves a young Prussian officer, whom she conceals in her house at the very time that she extends hospitality to Napoleon, her country's "savior." By chance she discovers that her lover is plotting against the Emperor, and her patriotism forces her to betray him. The piece abounds in emotion and in the clash of arms, but the sentiment always rings true, and the dramatic episodes are very ingeniously developed. As the *Countess*, Miss Marlowe played with fine discretion and with genuine feeling. If she did not at any time suggest great power, the defect was due to her physical limitations. On the whole, the impersonation was very beautifully sustained. The company gave admirable support. Mr. Bassett Roe made a good impression as the ardent young lover, and in a part that called for careful acting, Mr. Alfred Kendrick made a pronounced success.

At its second matinée, early in the present month, the Criterion Independent Theatre presented three short plays that were well worth seeing. The most subtle, called "The Rights of the Soul," was the work of the Italian realist, Giuseppe Giacosa. A devoted husband, on discovering that one of his friends has committed suicide for love of his wife, becomes suspicious, not of his wife's fidelity, but of her loyalty to him in her heart. He questions her until, in desperation, she confesses that she has loved the friend, though she never acknowledged the love to him. Now that he is dead, however, she glories in it, and she leaves her husband because he has presumed to interfere with her "soul's rights." The theme is, of course, absolutely foreign, but Giacosa was able to make the situation appear serious even in English. Altogether, the piece was a beautiful piece of literary workmanship, and dramatic, too. "That Overcoat," by Augustus Thomas, proved to be in a wholly farcical vein; it moved briskly, and it gave clever, though naturally exaggerated, suggestions of character. The closing piece, "From a Clear Sky," by Henri Dumay, displayed originality of theme and ingenuity of treatment. A divorced wife, happy in her second marriage, meets her first husband. He recalls their former happiness, and just after he has seized her in his arms the second husband enters. In the encounter between the two men the first husband is seriously wounded, and his former wife leans over him with wild cries of grief and affection! It would be interesting to know just what Mr. Dumay meant by that episode. All three plays were very well acted, Mr. E. J. Henly distinguishing himself in three rôles that showed the variety as well as the intensity of his methods. If the Criterion Independent Theatre can give other matinées as good as the last one, it ought to be encouraged.

Mr. Augustin Daly's production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a very far cry from the original Shakespeare; but for Mr. Daly's audiences the work as it stands complete would be impossible. So perhaps no one should complain that the old comedy has been so slashed. But why should Mr. Daly have gone so far as to introduce into the body of the comedy an operatic duet? This was a gross violation of fair play to the dramatist, and it made an effect that would have been painful if it had not been absurd. As a matter of fact, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is interesting as an example of the kind of humor that used to amuse the English-speaking world rather than as a work that is amusing in itself. As the centuries pass, *Falstaff* has grown less funny, till now he seems like a joke that is not only stale, but in very bad taste. An actor with unction, like Mr. William F. Owen, is able to bring out whatever fun there is still left in him. Mr. Owen is a member of Mr. Daly's company, but it is to be presumed Mr. Clarke took precedence and received the part. Nothing could be more unsuited to it than his dry style. His acting, like all of his work, was careful, elaborate, and intelligent, but it did not infuse into the stuffed figure the least suggestion of life. It was more like a thoughtful reading by a cultivated man than an impersonation by a character actor. In the thankless rôle of *Mistress Ford*, Miss Rehan fairly bubbled over with spirit, and played with a radiant effect, and with a most welcome freedom from those perversities of speech and manner which she so often adopts. Mrs. Gilbert was altogether delightful as *Dame Quickly*, Mr. Wilfred Clarke made a capital *Slender*, and the other members of the cast did adequate work. The scenery showed Mr. Daly's well-known skill in creating pictorial effects.

At the Empire Theatre on Thursday of last week the senior students of Mr. Franklin H. Sargent's dramatic school gave a matinée performance of Congreve's "Love for Love." The representation had interest for the lovers of the literary drama rather than for the play-going public in general, as well as for the friends of the school and of the actors. The comedy had been condensed into three acts and adapted to the prejudices of the modern audience by Assistant-Professor L. Du Pont Syle, of the English department of the University of California, the actors had been carefully trained by Mr. Sargent, and the stage management had the supervision of Mr. Max Figman. Altogether the undertaking was praiseworthy, and if the result was not brilliant from every point of view, the defects may be attributed chiefly to the nature of the work.

JOHN D. BARRY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AMERICAN postage-stamp collectors disapprove of the purpose of the Post-office Department to issue a series of stamps in commemoration of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition to be held at Omaha next year. The *American Journal of Philately* has published an address to the Postmaster-General, which it wants all stamp-collectors to sign and forward, and which sets forth politely that extraordinary issues of stamps are a nuisance to collectors, and are especially fit to be discouraged because in so many recent instances they have been issued by weak governments for speculative purposes and as a means of raising revenue. The *Journal* thinks that Uncle Sam ought not to countenance by his example the illegitimate uses of the postal apparatus.

This protest seems not altogether unreasonable. Of course the Post-office Department ought not to issue new kinds of stamps for the purpose of catching the pennies of collectors. It is too big a concern for that sort of expedient, even though, as now, it is hard up. Doubtless considerations of profit have had very little to do with the project of the new issue. That issue is called commemorative, but what it really seems to be is an advertisement of the Omaha fair. The impression made is that the government wanted to help the fair, and agreed to advertise it through the post-office, which would cost nothing and would amuse the people. From the philatelist's point of view that seems reprehensible. The issue, however, won't bother any one except the stamp-collectors, and the average citizen, who wants the Omaha fair to succeed, will not disturb his mind with considering whether the Post-office Department is not going outside of its legitimate business in advertising even an enterprise of national moment like a trans-Mississippi exposition.

The *Voice*, the official organ of Prohibition, has raised itself to an unusually shrill pitch in execration of the connection between alcoholic beverages and the higher education. It was deeply interested in the contest over the Princeton Inn, and its apparent success in that instance seems to have encouraged it to essay new triumphs. It is now in fierce pursuit of the alcoholic microbe at Yale, and shows a lively interest in the use of wine at the annual dinners of the Wesleyan alumni. Precisely what reforms it desires to see instituted at Yale is not quite clear to the present paragrapher, but it has been at pains to show up that university as the seat of a lamentable intemperance and the scene of shocking excesses. It has stated that there were a thousand Yale students tipsy in New Haven on the night of the Yale-Princeton football match; it points out—no doubt with truth—that there are sixty-six saloons within two blocks of the Yale campus; and it finds reason to believe that all the Yale professors except two vote regularly for the license system in New Haven.

The trouble about the Wesleyan alumni dinner seems to be that at the last one there was wine on the table in front of some of the diners. *Voice* is much disturbed at that, and Dr. Buckley's *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) agrees with it that the use of wine by individuals at a dinner of the alumni of a Methodist college is unseemly.

Dr. Funk, of *Voice*, of course holds that wine is a mocker, and that "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only safe rule in the matter of alcoholic drinks. Dr. Buckley seems to be of the same mind, for he feels that his Wesleyan brethren transgressed propriety and set a bad example by taking wine with their annual food. In considering the strictures of these gentlemen it is always to be remembered that it is not temperance but abstinence that they are after; not the restraint of drinking, but the extirpation of it. It seems no injustice to *Voice* to say that its policy and its practice are to paint its pet devil as black as possible, and to find an excess in even the most moderate indulgence. No one but *Voice* and its allies will believe that a thousand Yale students were tipsy in one evening. There ought to be total-abstinence colleges for total-abstinence parents to send their sons to. The average parent doesn't care to have his son a total abstainer, and does not believe that it would be expedient for him to try to induce that degree of abstinence in his son even if he wished for it. He sees teetotalism tried in families, and he thinks he sees that it yields quite as large a percentage of drunkards as other methods. What he wants of his son in college is the steady maintenance of the sane mind in the sound body, and the practice of such choice and restraint in the concerns of eating and drinking as makes for that state. The average parent detests and in some measure fears drunkenness, but he does not believe in total abstinence as the best safeguard against it, nor in the efficacy of prohibition as a preventive measure. He wants to see his son able, at a pinch, to walk past a thousand open grog-shops in a row without becoming delirious over the glut of opportunities. College boys, as a rule, need no alcohol, and the less they drink the better. The great majority of them are decidedly abstemious. Scarcely any American college student, for example, habitually drinks wine or beer with his meals. But those who want to drink will drink, and the only sure way to stop them is to lock them up.

As for college graduates, if they don't know what is proper for them to drink at dinner they are very imperfectly educated, and do their college training small credit. If their potations as alumni have to be prescribed by their elders, at what period of life may they hope to see it conceded that they are grown up?

Voice ought to start a university to be managed according to its own ideas.

Perhaps the safest and timeliest course for contemporary owners of seal-skin furs is to lock them up in a strong box, and sit on the box and call for help. The stories of the experiences and sufferings of persons who have recently been caught with seal-skins on them are very terrifying, and warrant all the precautions above suggested. It is proper to say, though, that proprietors of seal-skins are in no real danger so long as they keep away from Uncle Sam's custom-houses. Hereditary seal-skins may be worn with impunity in the country without any real hazard of arrest or police surveillance. It is when you try to bring your seal-skin through the custom-house that the rub comes. Your must then either produce a custom-house permit entitling you to bring that particular hide back into the land of liberty, or you must be prepared with convincing evidence about the pedigree, gender, and former residence of the seal; who caught it; who killed it; who dressed it; who made it up, and many other biological and biographical details. If your story and your evidence hang together you may bring in your skin, but the chances are that you will think yourself lucky to escape without it.

The new treasury regulations which require all this red tape are well adapted to make the use of seal-skins by travellers to or from the United States excessively unpopular. They make the most trouble on the Canadian frontier, where, as winter is really winter up there, people wear seal-skins much more than in the latitude of New York. There may be some solace for some persons in the recollection that all the trouble about seal-skins is due to Canada, and that there is a sort of propriety in letting the Canadians and their visitors experience most of the consequent inconvenience. The hitch about that, however, is that the folks who hunt the seals and the folks who wear the skins are different people, without special community of interests or mutual sympathies. The ostensible purpose of the regulations is to keep out of this country skins of seals killed in waters of the Pacific north of the 35th degree of north latitude, which is the district as to the regulation of which the United States and Great Britain cannot agree.

The circulation of the Bible in this country is enormous, steady, and constantly increases. Of Bibles and Testaments the American Bible Society annually sells or gives away about a million and a half, the International Bible Agency sells about half a million, and other large concerns, of which there are four or five in New York alone, circulate a great many more. With such a distribution as that in constant operation one would think the demand would presently be supplied, but that is not the experience of dealers. They say the demand increases all the time. That must be because two or three million new citizens are born every year in the United States, and a large proportion of them presently get new Bibles. The idea of starting a new citizen in life with a second-hand Bible is not popular. "New boy (or new girl), new book," is the rule, and tolerably fortunate children have a fair collection before they have grown up. A moderate allowance of the sacred writings for one American citizen includes one family Bible that belonged to parents; one family Bible for one's own family; one Testament in large print used in childhood; one convenient Bible presented by mother; one Bible in flexible covers subsequently obtained; at least one obsolete Bible containing the Apocrypha; one Testament, revised version; the Book of Psalms separate; a few Bibles to be kept in church; an office Bible; and perhaps others.

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by dearth of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well-informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annually six and a half billion tons of oxygen for breathing purposes, and nearly half as much for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we are pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time, and make less and less. No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen." As yet, though, the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet before the difference will be measurable. To the short-sighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry and such things a little remoteness does no harm.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society tells in its twenty-third annual report of another good year's work. At a cost of about twelve hundred dollars it has distributed over 120,000 books, magazines, and weekly papers, and nearly 50,000 newspapers. Its work is outgrowing its means. It asks for gifts of reading matter to be sent to its office, 102 East Twenty-second Street, Room 417; and for contributions of money to be sent to its treasurer, Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street.

The Memorial Committee of the G. A. R. have formed the opinion that New York has a better chance of having a soldiers' and sailors' monument if Mr. J. Q. A. Ward does not become a member of the new Municipal Art Commission. The three sculptors nominated by the Fine Arts Federation as fit to be members of the Municipal Art Commission are Mr. Ward, Daniel C. French, and Herbert Adams. The Mayor must choose one of them, and the G. A. R.'s committee favor Mr. Adams. It is not surprising that the committee should object to Mr. Ward, for he, after objecting to the Plaza site, prevented the adoption of the Claremont site, with which other experts seemed satisfied, and which the G. A. R. committee now favor. Yet his action in both these cases seemed to be representative rather than personal, and his vote was understood to accord with the sentiments of the Sculpture Society, as is likely to be true of any future vote of himself or Mr. Adams or Mr. French. It is natural, if not altogether reasonable, that the G. A. R. committee, which want a monument somewhere and as soon as possible, should look on Mr. Ward as a marplot, and should even doubt, perhaps, whether there is any good monument site in New York to which the Sculpture Society would not discover very grave objections. They must hope for the best. The sculptors really have the interest of the monument at heart, and want it to be truly admirable in itself, and fitly placed. It is also to their interest as sculptors that there should be a monument, and that the conditions governing the selection of sites and the acceptance of a design should not be so difficult as to paralyze the whole monument industry in New York, and contract the field for sculpture. They cannot decide that there is no place on Manhattan Island that is fit for a soldiers' and sailors' monument. They must tolerate some site, and a good one, too, for the people of New York want that monument, and want it to stand in a fairly conspicuous place. It must all come right in time, and when it does we shall all doubtless be grateful to Mr. Ward, or whoever may succeed him on the commission, for his efforts to achieve the combination of the best possible monument in the best possible place.

Meanwhile we are reminded that Professor Hamlin, Professor Ware, Mr. Russell Sturgis, and Mr. Bruce Price advised the Municipal Art Commission in writing that they approved of putting the Stoughton-Macmonnies monument on the Claremont Lawn site, so that persons who think Mr. Ward erred in rejecting that site have a respectable weight of authority on their side.

Mr. Moses P. Handy, the American special commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1900, had finished his labors in Paris, and was preparing his report when he died in Augusta, Georgia, on January 8. His mission abroad was to arrange for the reception and display of American exhibits, and though his labors were hindered by sickness, they were successfully completed.

Mr. Handy was a newspaper man who had done a great deal of hard work, which perhaps is really to blame for his early death. He was born in 1847, in Missouri; was drafted into the Confederate army, and found work in Richmond at the close of the war on the *Christian Observer*, and later as reporter for the Richmond *Despatch*. He became editor of the *Despatch*, and in the course of succeeding years was Richmond correspondent for several Northern papers, and general manager for the Southern States of the American Press Association. In the early seventies he joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*, went from there later to edit the Richmond *Enquirer*, and in 1876 was commissioner from Virginia to the Philadelphia exposition. He staid in Philadelphia, became managing editor of the *Press*, and in 1884 started the *Daily News*. In 1892 he was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Promotion and Publicity of the Chicago fair, and his successful labors in that field led to his recent appointment as special commissioner to go to Paris.

Germany has followed the example of Japan in ordering that a translation of Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power on History* shall be supplied to all her public libraries, schools, and government institutions. Every modern nation which has any plans for making history turns as naturally to Captain Mahan as the gardener does to the seedsman. If the gratitude of posterity is going to be lavished on the man who makes two war-ships swim where one floated before, how the monuments will rise and the pæans mount in the twentieth century in praise of our Mahan! The hitch about it all is that it is not having ships that makes a nation great, but having more ships than the other fellow. If every nation is going to spend on the sea all the money it can scrape together ashore, where's the advantage coming in? The truly admirable thing for Captain Mahan to have done was to sell all his books in manuscript to Uncle Sam, to be secretly perused by Congressmen, and locked up out of sight of other countries.

The resignation of Dr. John Hall, so long the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York, announced on January 9, excites interest that reaches far beyond the boundaries of Manhattan Island. Thirty years ago he came from Dublin to take charge of a church known as "the richest Presbyterian church in America." Under Dr. Hall that church has been known not only as the richest, but as one of the most religious churches in the country. There has never been any question as to the influence or the primary purposes of that church under Dr. Hall, or as to the sort of gospel that has been preached there, or as to its efficiency as a Christian body. From every point of view whereof the public has any knowledge Dr. Hall's pastorate has been superlatively successful. No reason is given for his retirement, except that in his own opinion it was time to shift his labors and responsibilities upon younger shoulders.

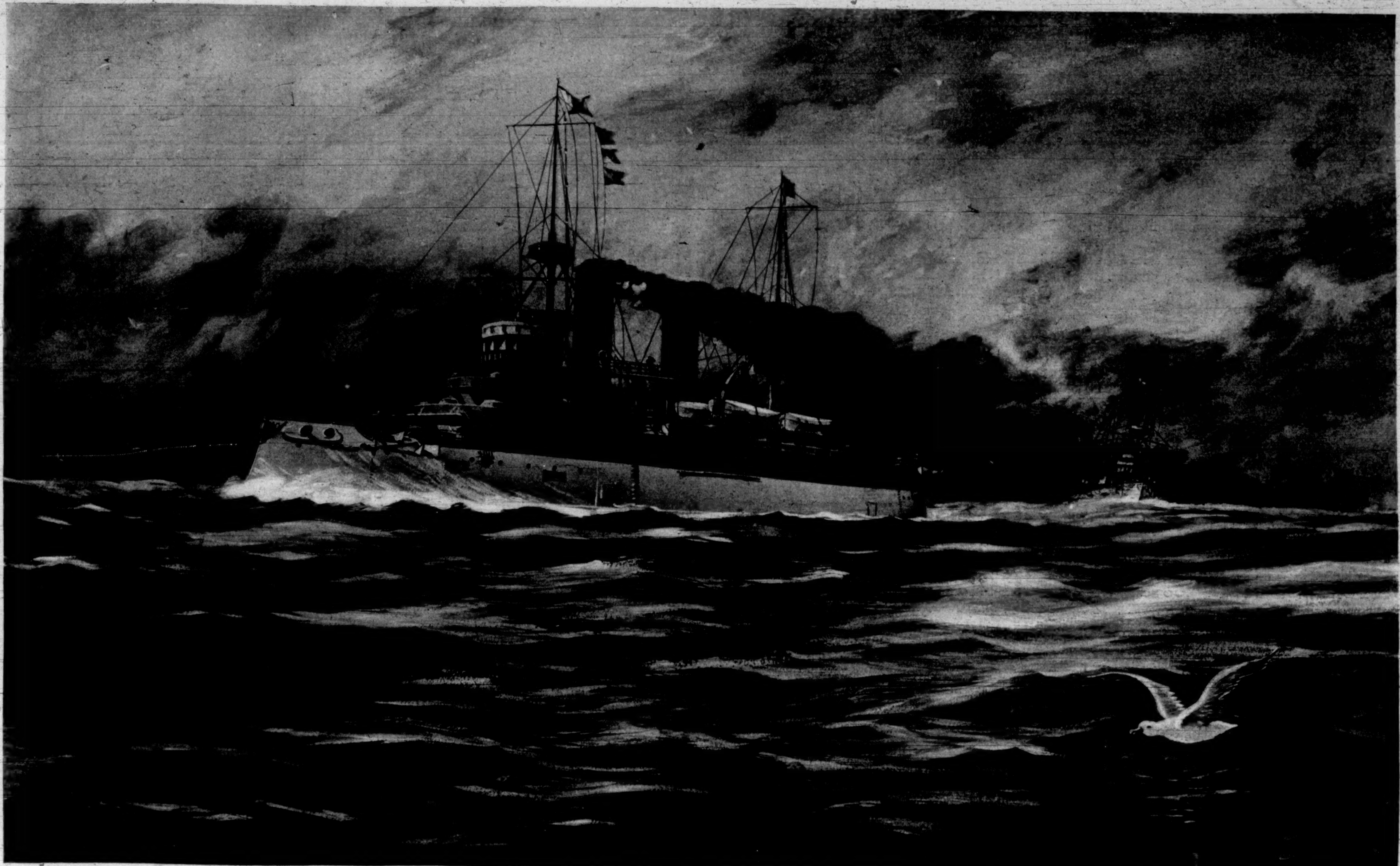
Dr. Hall is of Scotch descent, and was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1829. He was educated in Belfast College, and licensed to preach in 1849. He preached in Armagh, and afterwards in Dublin, and came to New York in 1867. During his pastorate his church moved from Nineteenth Street up to its present site, on the corner of Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the present church edifice and parsonage were built at a cost of more than a million dollars. For ten years, from 1882 to 1892, Dr. Hall was Chancellor of the University of New York. He has also been a trustee of Princeton and Wellesley colleges, and chairman of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Harvard finds a successor to Librarian Winsor in Mr. William Coolidge Lane, until now librarian of the Athenæum Library in Boston. At the stated meeting of the overseers at which Mr. Laue was elected it was determined by a vote of 13 to 8 to petition the Massachusetts Legislature to extend the right to vote for overseers so that it shall be shared by holders of all important degrees given by the university. At present the overseers are chosen by the alumni who hold the A.B. degree; that is, by the graduates of the college. The new plan aims to give an equal voice to greduates of all departments of the university. President Eliot has favored this plan for some years. A strong argument in favor of it is that more than half the endowment of the university belongs to the schools outside of the college proper, which, under the present system, are thought to have less voice in the management of the university concerns than their importance warrants.

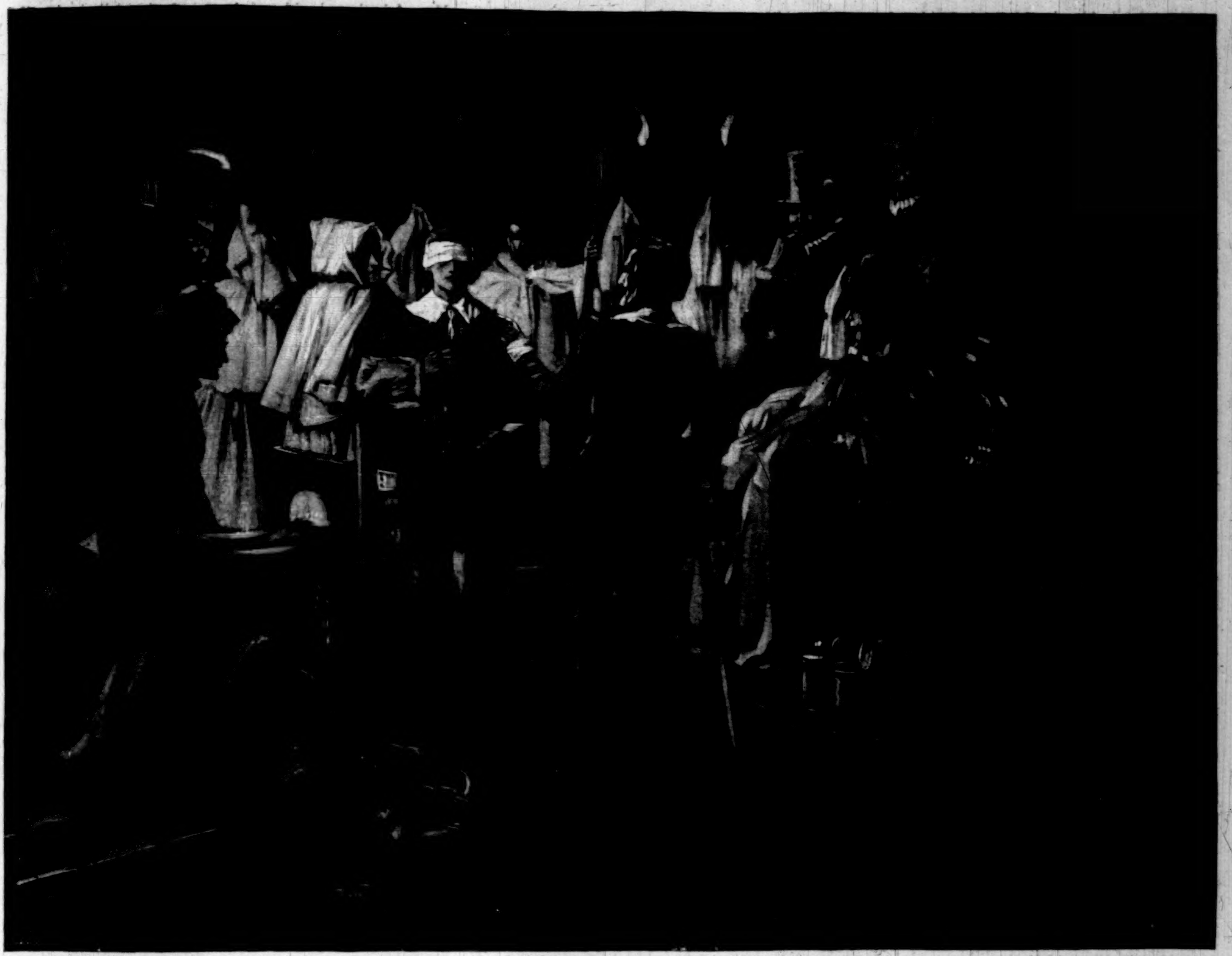
The probability that Yale and Cornell will fail to agree this year on any plan for a boat-race should not be a cause for serious depression of the public spirits. If Yale does not want to row Cornell on Cornell's terms, she ought not to do it. Yale can stop now without injury or offense to any one. If she waits until she has beaten Cornell, and then refuses to go on, there will be just ground for grumbling at her. If she does not care to row Cornell, she should stop now.

If any one was unaware that 1897 had been a great year for the Northwest, the sight of the holiday number of the *Northwestern Miller* (Minneapolis) would put him right. It is a grand number, with stories by Dr. Hale, Octave Thanet, and Mary Hallock Foote, pictures no end, and a remarkably effective holiday cover.

E. S. MARTIN.



UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY."—DRAWN BY R. G. SKERRETT.—[SEE PAGE 78.]



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER VII.

I BECOME A TRAITOR.

MUCH was I flattered, and very naturally so, when Michael Texel made so manifest a work about pleasing me and having me for his comrade. For though I was now nineteen, he was five years my senior, and his father, being both Burgomeister and Chief Brewer, was of the first consideration in the town of Thorn.

"Hugo," said Michael Texel, "there be many lads in the city that are well, and well enough, but none of them please me like you. It may be that your keeping so greatly to yourself has made you passing thoughtful for your age. And whereas these street-corner scraps of rascaldom care for nothing but the pleasing of pothouse Gretchens, we that are men think of the concerns of the State, and make us ready for the great things that shall one day come to pass in Thorn and the Wolfmark."

I nodded my head as if I knew all about it. But, indeed, in my heart, I too preferred the way of the other lads—as the favor of maids, and other lighter matters. But since one so great and distinguished as Michael Texel declared that such things were but useless gauds, unworthy of thought, I considered that I had better keep my tongue tight reined as to my own desires.

I shall now tell the manner of my introduction to the famous society of the White Wolf.

From the very first time that ever I saw him, Michael Texel had much to say about a certain wondrous league of the young men of Thorn and the Wolfmark. He told me how that every man with a heart in him was enrolled among them: the sons of the rich and great, like himself; the sons of the folk of no account (like myself, doubtless); the soldiers of the Duke—nay, it was whispered very low in my ear that even the young Count Otho von Reuss, the Duke's nephew and heir, had taken high rank in the society.

I asked Michael what were the declared objects of the association.

"See," he cried, grandly, with a wave of his hand, "this city of Thorn. It lies there under the Wolfsberg. With a few cannon like Faul Grete, the Margrave's treasure, Duke Casimir could lay our houses in ruins. Therefore, in the mean time, let us not break out against Duke Casimir. But one day there will come an end to the tyrant Duke. Tiles will not always break harmless on helmets, nor the point of steel always be turned aside by links of chain armor. As I say, an hour will come for Casimir, as for other malefactors. And then—why, there is the young Otho. And he has sworn the vows of the White Wolf to make of Thorn a free city with a Stadtholder—one with power and justice, chosen freely by the people, as in other Baltic cities. Is there a man of us that has not been plundered? A maid that does not go in fear of her honor while Casimir reigns? Shall this thing be? Not surely forever. The White Wolf shall see to it. She has many children, and they are all dear to her. Let the Duke Casimir take his count with that!"

So, as was natural, I became after that more than ever eager to join this most notable league of the White Wolf.

One night I had sat late talking to the Little Playmate, who was now growing a great maid and a beautiful—none like her, so far as I could see, in all the city of Thorn—a circumstance which made me more ready to be of Michael Texel's opinion with regard to any flighty and irresponsible courting of the maids of the town. For had I not the fairest and the best of them all at home close by me? On this night of which I speak it was almost bedtime, when I heard a knocking at the outer port, and went to open the wicket.

And, lo! there was Michael Texel, come all the way to the Red Tower for me, though it was by his own trysting that we had agreed to meet at the inn of the White Swan. Nevertheless, there he was. So there was nothing for it but to bring him in. I presented him in form to the Little Playmate, who had quite forgotten her Princess-ship by this time in the sweetness of being our house-angel of the Red Tower.

I saw in a moment that Michael Texel was astonished at Helene's beauty, as indeed well he might be. But she, on her part, hardly so much as glanced at him, though he was a tall and well-grown youth enough, with nothing remarkable about him save pale hair of much the same color as his complexion, and a cut on one side of his upper lip, which in certain lights gave him a sneering expression.

But to Helene he spoke very carefully and courteously, asking her whether she ever went to any of the guild entertainments for which Thorn was famous. And upon her saying no, that my father did not think it fitting, Michael said: "I was sure of it; none could forget if once they had seen. For never in the history of Thorn has so fair a face graced Burgher-dance or Guild-festival, nor yet had a foot so light been shaken on the green in any of our summer outgoings."

Now this was well enough said in its way, but only what I myself had often thought. Not that the Playmate took any notice of his words, or was in any degree elated, but kept her head bent demurely on her work all the time Michael Texel was with us.

Presently there entered to us, thus sitting, Gottfried Gottfried, who had come striding gloomily across the yard in his black suit from the Hall of Judgment, and at his entrance Michael instantly became awkward, nervous, and constrained.

"I must be going," he said; "the Burgomeister bade me be early within-doors to-night."

"Is the noble Burgomeister lodging at the White Swan?" asked my father, with his usual simple directness, as he went hither and thither ordering his utensils, without heeding the visitor.

"No," said Michael, startled out of his equanimity; "he bides in his own house by the Rath-house—the sign is that of the Three Golden Tuns."

The Red Axe nodded.

"I had forgotten," he said, indifferently, and stood by the great polished platter-frame over the sideboard, dropping oil on the screws of a certain cunning instrument which he was wont to use in the elucidation of the Greater Question.

I could see Michael turning yellow and green, but whether with anger or fear I could not tell. Helene, who loved not the tools of my father, had, upon his entrance, promptly gathered up her white cobwebs and lace and had betaken herself to her own room.

"I must be bidding you a fortunate evening and wishing you an untroubled sleep," said Michael, with studious politeness, rising to his feet. Yet he did not immediately move away, but stood awkwardly fingering his hat, as if he wished to ask a question and dared not.

"It is indeed a fine place for a sound sleep," said my father, nodding his head grimly, "this same upper courtyard of the Wolfsberg. There are few that have once slept here, my noble young sir, who have ever again complained of wakefulness."

At this moment the hounds in the kennels raised their fierce clamor. And without waiting for another word, Michael Texel took himself off down the stairs of the Red Tower. Nor did he regain his composure till I had opened the wicket and ushered him out upon the street.

Then, as the postern clicked and the familiar noises of the city fell on his ear—the slapping flat-footed lasses crying "Fried Fish," the sellers of "Hot Oyster Soup," the yelling venders of crout and salad—Michael gradually picked up his courage, and we proceeded down the High Street of Thorn to the retired hostel of the White Swan.

"Frederika," he cried as he entered, "are the lads here yet?"

"Aye, sir, aye—a full muster," answered the old mild-faced hostess, who was busily employed knitting a stocking of pale blue in the porch, looking for all the world like the sainted mother of a family of saints.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

Michael Texel walked straight through a passage and down a narrow alley, the beautiful apple-cheeked old woman following us with her eyes as we went.

Our feet rang suddenly on hollow pavement as we stooped to enter a low door in the side wall, almost concealed from observation by an overgrowth of ivy.

"Halt!" cried a voice from the dusk ahead of us, and instantly there was a naked sword at each of our breasts. We heard also the click of swords meeting behind us. I turned my head, and, lo! there at my very shoulder I saw the gleam of crossed steel. My heart beat a little faster; but, after all, I had been brought up with sights and sounds more terrible than these; and, more than that, I had within the hour seen Michael Texel, the high-priest of these mysteries, turn all manner of rainbow colors at the howling of our blood-hounds and a simple question from my father. So I judged that these mighty terrifications could portend no great ill to one who was the son of the formidable Red Axe of the Wolfsberg.

Sometimes it is a mighty comfortable thing to have a father like mine.

I did not hear the question which was asked of my guide, but I heard the answer.

"First in charge," said Michael Texel, "and with him one of the Wolf's litter."

So we were allowed to proceed. But in the bare room which received us I was soon left alone; for, with another question as briefly asked and answered, the click of swords crossed and uncrossed before and behind him, and the screechy grind of bolts, Michael passed out of sight within. While as for me, I was left to twirl my thumbs and wish that I had staid at home to watch the nimble fingers of the Playmate busy at her sewing, and the rounded slenderness of her sweet body set against the light of evening, which would at that hour be shining through the windows of the Red Tower.

Nevertheless, it was no use repining or repenting. Here was I, Hugo Gottfried, the son of the Red Axe, at the inner port of a treasonable society. It was certainly a curious position; but even thus early I had begun to consider myself a sort of amateur of strange situations, and I admit that I found a certain stimulus in the thought that in an hour I might have ceased to be heir to the office of Hereditary Justicer of the ducal province of the Wolfmark.

Presently through the door there came one clothed in the long white garments of a Brother of Pity, the eye-holes dark and cavernous, and the eyes shining through the mask with a look as if the wearer were much more frightened than those who looked upon him.

"Child of the White Wolf," he said, in a shaking voice, "would you dare all and become one of the companions of the mysteries?"

But the accent of his voice struck me, the son of Gottfried Gottfried, the dweller in the enclosure of the Red Tower, as painfully hollow and pretentious. I had looked upon real terror, even plumbed some of the grimmer mysteries of existence, and I had no fears. On the contrary, my spirits rose, and I declared my readiness to follow this paltering, knock-kneed Brother of Pity.

We stopped and went through another narrow passage, in the midst of which we were stayed by thin bars, which were shot before and behind us, and by a cold point of iron laid lightly against my brow. In this constrained position my eyes were bandaged by unseen fingers.

The starveling Brother of the Wolf took me by the hand and led me on. Then, in another moment, came the sense of lights and wider spaces, the rustle of many people settling down to attention, and I knew that I was in the presence of the famous secret tribunal of the White Wolf, which had been set up in defiance of the authority of the Duke and against the laws of the Mark.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE BAR OF THE WHITE WOLF.

"Who waits at the bar with you, brother?" said a voice, which, though disguised, carried with it a suggestion of Michael Texel.

The announcement was made by the officer who brought me in:

"'Tis one Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, hereditary executioner to the tyrant."

I could hear the thrill of interest which pervaded the assembly at the announcement. And for the first time I thought almost well of the honorable office to which I had been born.

"And what do you here, son of the Red Axe, in the place of the Sacred Fehme of the White Wolf?"

The question was the first addressed directly to me.

"I came," said I, as straightforwardly and simply as I could, "with Michael Texel, because he asked me to come. And also because I heard that there was good ale to be had for the drinking at the White Swan of Thorn, where we are now met."

A low moan of horror went about the assembly at the frivolity of my answer, which plainly was not what had been expected.

"Daring mocker," cried a stern voice, "you speak as one unacquainted with the dread power of the White Wolf, which has within her grasp the keys of life and death—and has suckled great empires at her dugs. Beware! Tempt not the All-powerful to exercise her right of axe and cord."

"I do not tempt any," answered I, boldly enough—yet with no credit to myself, for I could have laughed aloud at all this hollow pretence, having been brought up within the range of that which was no mockery. "I am willing to become a loyal member of the society of the White Wolf for the furtherance of any honest purpose. All things, I admit, are not well within the body-politic. Let us, in the city of Thorn, strive after the same rights as are possessed by the Free Cities of the North. If that be your object, the son of the Red Axe is with you—with you to the death, if need be. But for God's sake let us take off these masks and set ourselves down to the tankard and the good brown bread with less mummery—a sham of which others have the reality."

"Peace, vain, ignorant fly!" cried the same speaker—one with a young voice, which he was trying, as I thought, to make grave and old. "Terror must first strike your heart, or you cannot sit down with the Society of the White Wolf. You stand convicted of blasphemy against this our ancient and honorable institution—blasphemy which must be suddenly and terribly punished. Hugo Gottfried, I command you—make your head ready for the striker. Bare the neck and bow the knee!"

But I stood as erect as I could, though I felt hands laid upon my shoulders and the breathing of many close about me.

"Knights and gentlemen," said I, "I am not afraid to die, if need be. But ere you do your will upon me I would fain tell you a tale and give you a warning. Here I am one among many. I am also of your opinion, if your opinion be against tyranny. But for God's sake seek it as wise men, and not as posturing knaves. As for Michael Texel—"

"Name not the mortal names of men in this place of the White Wolf!" said the same grave voice.

At which I laughed a little.

"If you will tell me what to say instead in the language of the immortals, I will call my friend by that name. Till then Michael Texel, I say—"

I was pulled by force down upon my knees.

"Your pleasure, gentlemen," said I, as coolly as I might; "you may do with me as you will, but give me at least leave to speak. Your meetings here at the White Swan are known to the Red Axe, my father, and therefore to the Duke Casimir."

A low groan filled the wide hall. I could feel that my words touched them on the raw.

"Also, this very night I saw one of your noblest members tremble with alarm—for the Society, not for himself, I warrant—when Gottfried Gottfried spake lightly of your meetings here as of a thing well known. I am not afraid of my life. In the sight of my father I went forth from the Red Tower in the company of Michael Texel. He knew of your place of meeting. And well I wot that if I am not within the precincts of the Red Tower by midnight, the officers of Duke Casimir and his Judgment Hall will come knocking at these doors of yours. I ask you, are you ready to open?"

"Rash mortal!" said the voice again to me; "you mistake the White Wolf, if you think that she or her children are afraid of any tyrant, or of his officers. You yourself shall die, as has been appointed. For none may speak lightly of the White Wolf and live to tell the tale!"

"So be it," I replied, calmly; "but first let me recount to you the story of Hans Pulitz. Not for the hiding of a belt of gold, as men say, was he condemned. But because he had plotted against the life of the Duke and of his minister of justice, the Red Axe. Would you know what happened? I will tell you, briefly:

"Ten men, accounted strong, held Hans Pulitz. Ten men could scarce lead him through the court-yard to the chair on which sat Duke Casimir. I saw him judged. Was he not of the White Wolf? Did the White Wolf save him? Have her teeth ravened for those that condemned him? Or have you that are of that noble society kept close in your halls and played out your puppet shows, while poor Hans, who was faithful to you to the end, went—whither?"

A sough of angry whispering filled the room, rising presently into a roar of indignation.

"Traitor! Murderer! Spy!" they cried.

"Nay," said I, "'fore God, Hugo Gottfried was more sorry for the poor deceived slave than any here. For, in the presence of the Duke, I cried out against the horror. But being no more than a boy, I was stricken to silence by the hand of a man-at-arms. Then I saw Hans Pulitz cast loose. I saw him seized by one man—even by the Red Axe—raised high in the air, and flung over the barriers among the ravening and leaping blood-hounds. I heard the hideous noises that followed—the yells of a man fighting for his life in a place of fiends. I shut my ears with my hands, yet could I not shut out that clangor of hell. I shut my eyes, closer than you have shut them for me now. I fled, I knew not where, terror pursuing me. And yet I saw, and do now see, the Duke sitting with crossed hands as if at prayers, and the Red Axe standing motionless before the men-at-arms, pointing with one hand to the Duke's vengeance! Shall I tell you now why I am not afraid?"

After hearing these words it was small wonder that they cried yet more against me.

"Death to the traitor—bloody death—like that which he has rejoiced in!"

"Nay, my friends," said I, "it was because of the death of Hans Pulitz, and that of others, that I would strengthen the hands of liberty and make an end of tyranny. But not, an it please you, with child's plays and the cast-off garmentry of tyrants. What can you do to me in the Inn of the Swan that can equal the end of poor Hans Pulitz—of whom they found neither bone nor hair, took up no fragment of skin or nail, save the golden chain only, tooth-scarred and beslavered, which he wore about his waist. And the belt you may see for yourselves any day, if you give me your company within the Red Tower!"

Now, as may well be understood, if the Society of the White Wolf was angry before, it was both angry and frightened now, which is a thing infinitely more dangerous.

"Let him die straightway! Let the taunting blasphemer die!" they cried. And again, for the third time, the hollow voice pronounced my doom.

"It is well," I shouted, amid the din. "It is thrice well. But look ye to it. By the morrow's morn there shall not be one of you in your beds—aye, and those whose heads are rolled in the dust shall count themselves the fortunate ones, for they, at least, will escape the fate of poor Hans Pulitz."

Now sorely do I wonder, at this distance of time, that they did not slay me in good earnest. But I have learned from that night in the Inn of the Swan that when defiance has to be made, it is ever best to deal in no half-measures. And, besides, coming from the Red Tower of the Wolfsberg, their precious Society of the White Wolf, with its mummery and flummery, filled me with a hot contempt.

"Kneel down!" cried the judge; "lay your head on the block. It has often been wet with the blood of traitors—never with that of a blacker traitor than Hugo Gottfried!"

So, with that, those about me thrust me forward and forced my head down. I was obliged to clasp the block with both my hands. As I did so I felt it well all over. Then I laughed aloud, with a laugh that must have appeared strange and mad to them.

For this their mock tribunal could not deceive one who had been brought up within the hum of judges of life and death, and with a father who as his daily business propounded the Greater and Lesser Questions. And their precious block, as smooth as sawn and polished timber, with never a notch from side to side, could not take in Hugo Gottfried, who had made a playmate and a printed book of the worn blocks of a hundred executions—to whom each separate chip made by the Red Axe had been a text for Gottfried Gottfried to expatiate upon concerning his own prowess and that of his fathers.

Nevertheless, it certainly gave me a strange turn when ice-cold steel was laid across my neck bone. It burned like fire, turning my very marrow to water, and for the first time I wished myself well out of it. But only for a moment.

For there came a loud rattling of arms without, a thunderous and insistent knocking at the door, which disturbed the assembly.

"Open, in the name of the Duke!" cried clamorously many fierce voices without. I heard the rush and scuffle of a multitude of feet. The hands that had held me abruptly loosened their grip, and I was free. I raised my bound wrists to my brow and tried to push the bandage back. But it was firmly tied, and it was but dimly that I saw the hall of the White Wolf filled with the armed men of the Duke's body-guard, boisterously laughing with their hands on their sides, or kicking over the mock throne covered with white cloth, the coils of rope, the axes of painted wood, and the other properties of this very faint-hearted Fehmgericht.

"But what have we here?" they cried, when they came upon me, bound and helpless, with the bandage only half pushed off my eyes.

"Heave him up on his pins and let us look at him," quoth a burly guardsman. "I trust he is no one of any account. I want not to see another such job done on a poor scheming knave like that last, when the Duke Casimir settled accounts with Hans Pulitz!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed his companions; "a rare jest, i' faith; 'tis the son of our own Red Axe—a prisoner of the White Wolf and ready for the edge. We came not a moment too soon, youngster. What do you here?"

"Why," said I, "it chanced that I spoke slightingly of their precious nonsense of a White Wolf. But they dared not do me harm. They were all more frightened than a giggling maiden is of the dark, when no man is with her."

Then I saw my father at the end of the hall. He came towards me, clad in his black Tribunal costume.

"Well," he said, quaintly, like one that has a jest with himself which he will not tell, "have you had enough of marching hand-in-glove with treason? I wot this mummery of the White Wolf will serve you for some time."

I was proceeding to tell him all that had passed, but he patted me on the shoulder.

"I heard it all, lad, and you did well enough—save for your windiness about liberty and the Free Cities—which, as I see it, are by far the worst tyrannies. But, after all, you spoke as became a Gottfried, and one day, I doubt not, you shall worthily learn the secrets, bear the burden, and enlarge the honors of the fourteen Red Axes of the Wolfmark."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SATISFACTION.

ON READING "NOT ONE DISSATISFIED," BY WALT WHITMAN.

God spare the day when I am satisfied!
Enough is truly likened to a feast that leaves man satiate.
The sluggishness of fulness comes apace; the dulness of a mind that knows all things.
The lack of every sweet desire; no new sensation for the soul!
To want no more?
What vile estate is that?
What holds the morrow for the soul that's satisfied?
What holds the future for the mind content?
Is aspiration worthless?
Is much-abused ambition then so vile?
What is the essence of the joy of living?
Must yesterday, to-morrow, and to-day all be the same,
With nothing to be hoped for?
Is not a soul athirst a joyous thing?
Where lies content to him whose eye doth rest on higher things?
What satiation can compare to hope?
Yet who among the satisfied hath need of hope?
What can he hope for if he's satisfied?
'Tis but conceit, and nothing more, to prate of satisfaction!
God spare the day when I am satisfied!
I do not want the earth,
Yet nothing less will leave me quite content;
And once 'tis mine,
I'm very sure you'll find me roaming off
After the universe!

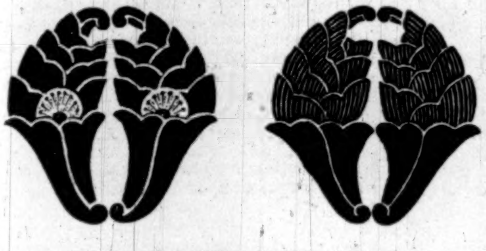
John Kendrick Bangs.

THE TURQUOISE-MINES IN PERSIA.

The disciples of Omar Khayyam think of Nishapur as justifying its existence because of its association with their poet. The old locality has more practical value to the Persian jewellers as being the source of the best turquoises obtained in the country, and as possessing, in fact, a "turquoise cave." The mine or cave is excavated in a hill, and is made productive by most primitive and Oriental methods—cheap labor, rude appliances, and on a system of farming out its privileges that would make an American industrial stare. The sides of the cavern are streaked with the beautiful but treacherous stone, and the output of the mine varies from the worthless and changeable mineral to turquoises of superior grade and permanent color. The stones are carried in the rough, and in coarse bags, to the town of Meshed—a better market than Nishapur—and are there sold. The enemy of the Nishapur turquoise, as of the stone elsewhere got, is the fading to green or the white speck that may suddenly appear presently to overspread the blue coloring as the stone's rottenness and deadness advance. The Persian, however, does not disdain the green turquoise, and, set in a tin or brass or better mounting, few countrymen are without one.

THE PORCELAIN-ARTISTS OF JAPAN.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.



CREST OF NABESHIMA, PRINCE OF HIZEN.
(Senior and Junior Branches.)

HIZEN, THE PORCELAIN PROVINCE.

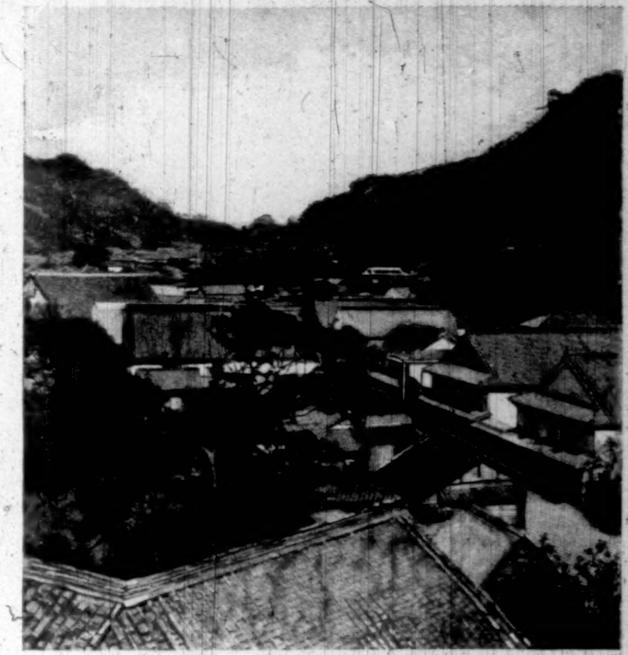
WHILE Mendez Pinto and St. Francis Xavier, the first Europeans to visit Japan, landed on Kiushiu, the southern island, and the first real knowledge of European arts and civilization reached the rest of the empire through the Dutch traders at Nagasaki, Kiushiu has been the home of an abiding conservatism, the last to resist foreign influences and the new order—a real stronghold of the unchanged "old Japan." It is mountainous and picturesque throughout; but, with no great show-places, save the half-destroyed Kumamoto Castle, and no famous shrines for general religious or landscape pilgrimages; tourist travel has hardly invaded it, and the people have been measurably protected from that most corrupting influence.

The ceramic art had its introduction there direct from Korea, and by its continuous development in two of the provinces reached its fullest perfection, Satsuma producing the finest faience the world has known, and Hizen attaining the same surpassing excellence in porcelains, and remaining still the great porcelain province of the empire through three centuries of emulation and rivalry. The later development of mines of bituminous coal has added to the importance and wealth of Hizen, and on Tahashima Island, in Nagasaki harbor, and in the region between Saga and the west coast are mines of the best steaming-coal in the North Pacific, Imari and Karatsu resuming importance because of their coal.

The Kiushiu railway was one of the last important lines undertaken, and is owned by a private company. Military necessities were as much considered as commercial ends, and the line was first completed for one hundred and twenty miles from Moji, at the entrance of the Inland Sea, to Kumamoto, the military headquarters of Kiushiu. A branch line leads to Saga, the capital of Hizen, eighty miles from Moji, and at the centre of the inland coal-fields, and near the porcelain district of Arita. This Saga branch will be continued to Nagasaki, while the main line, following the south coast to Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma, will return to Moji, encircling the island in one great loop, touching all the eastern and northern seaports.

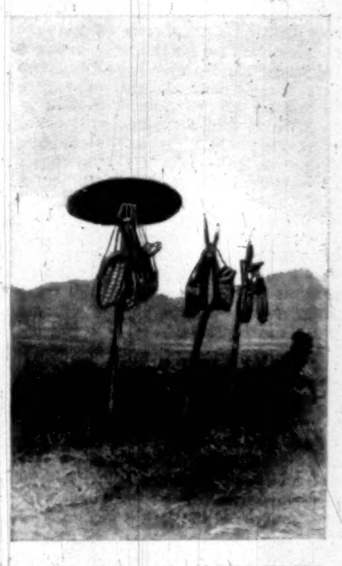
With the opening of the late war, Moji, opposite Shimonoseki, became all important; the forts were heavily garrisoned, the town was placed under martial law, and sentries paced the wharves and the whole tide-line. Every foreigner was viewed as a probable spy, or, worse still, that nightmare of all Japanese slumber—the possible Chinese emissary carrying some vest-pocket bomb capable of destroying the Nagasaki dry dock, upon which the fortunes of war might entirely rest. Baggage from other Japanese ports was searched as carefully as if from China; "for," said the perspiring little customs officer, who had satisfied himself that there was only a belt buckle in a suspiciously heavy little box, "we do not know who may be carrying ammunition nowadays."

We mistook the sentry's challenge for only another courteous "good-morning," and crossed the line without dreaming that any but a Japanese sentry would have shot us on the spot. There was a distinct impression that it was "war-times," however, when a posse of armed men came for us, and two small knapsacked soldiers, holding a cold bayonet erect beside either ear, escorted me to headquarters under arrest. The boyish commandant and his staff were in court-martial array when my captors presented me, but with the unfolding of the passport, and the discovery of the word "Beikoku" (America), we were all joyfully dismissed and given the freedom of Kiushiu and its railways—all citizens of the great republic enjoying the most open favor and prestige at all times in Japan. For miles the train ran along the sea-coast, where sharp little headlands and green valleys, thatched villages, torii-ed shrines and temples under ancient camphor-trees and pines, afforded a panorama of picturesqueness—the real brocade coast of Japanese fancy. A driving rain soon blurred these charming landscapes, and we saw only in glimpses through streaming window-panes, until we ran out into hot sunshine on the great green level of the Saga rice plains.



ARITA, THE PORCELAIN TOWN.

The Prince of Nabeshima's castle at Saga was long ago razed, but the massive ramparts and gates remain, and the broad moats are covered with lotus-plants, whose August blossoming affords one of the few such spectacles remaining in this day of the sanitary scientist, with his war on germs and microbes. The wooden Kencho building within the moats has an inner court and loggias in Italian style, and Governor Tenabe, who ruled the Nabeshima realms, welcomed the rare incident of foreign visitors. Provincial life seemed languishing just then, and this spirited civilian was anxious for news of the great world, of Tokyo, of the transplanted court at Hiroshima, and of the army and fleet in Korea. He welcomed us with very modern *empressement*, and immediately the whole Kencho was in a flutter. Menials ran with tea and tobacco boxes, the cases of his collected *meibutsu* (celebrated products) of Hizen swung open, and Higuchi's porcelains, lumps of coal, and fine basketry soon strewed the table. We had barely expressed our wishes, when *clap! clap!* went the Governor's hands, and one runner was sent speeding out over the rice-fields to the suburban garden of the Nabeshimas to have that famous model bit of landscape art made ready for us, and other runners summoned to the Kencho certain master potters and manufacturers of the Arita district, who happened to be in Saga that day. At a stroke everything was planned and ordered for our enjoyment of the whole porcelain province.



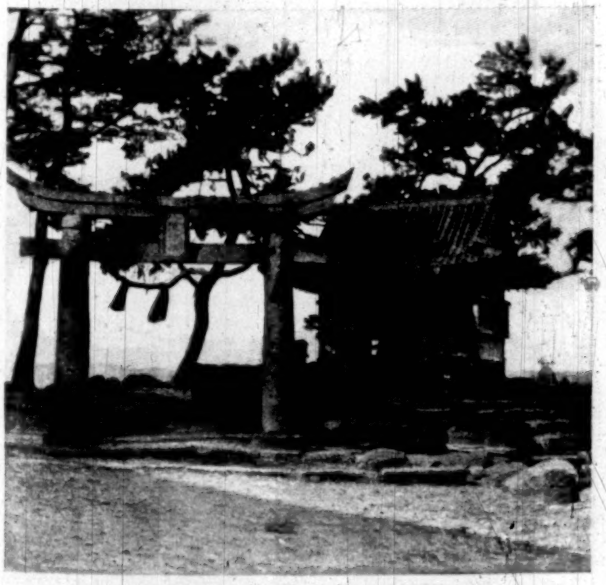
WARAJI FOR SALE ON THE TAKEO-ARITA BROCADE ROAD.

Saga was the home of the Nabeshima princes who ruled Hizen, even long before that Nabeshima Naoshige went as the Taiko's chief lieutenant in his great Korean expedition; and the Saga insurrection of 1874 was the last echo of the Satsuma rebellion whose suppression so nearly wrecked the empire. The present head of the house, the Marquis Nabeshima, lives entirely in Tokyo, where he is grand master of ceremonies to the imperial court, and Saga is a quiet, prosperous little commercial town, with all the splendor and activity of feudal days long passed into tradition. The Ko-en garden of the old castle is a public park, and contains the Nabeshima mortuary temples, guarded by tall porcelain lanterns, and reached through *torii* of blue and white porcelain, where pilgrims pray by day and votive lamps burn by night.

All around Saga the country is flat and uninteresting, a vast monotony of rice-fields stretching the sixteen miles of the tedious jinrikisha ride to Takeo, where some sharp spurs of hills at last run out into this great paddy-tank, or reservoir of growing rice. The hot sulphur springs of Takeo are renowned for their virtue in rheumatism and skin diseases, and the government maintains a large bath-house surrounded by a beautiful landscape garden. For one copper *sen* each the patrons may bathe together in a great pool, where fathers teach the little ones to swim and mothers boil their babies, while they soak together sociably, passing the long-drawn compliments of the Japanese day and village gossip. There are separate pools for men and women, and private pools which one family may rent for their own use, and retreats where the foreigner may take his shameful and mysterious bath. While the foreigner steams away in the expensive privacy of that lovely little black and white marble tank, he can hear the cheerful chirp and buzz of the scores of more natural-minded bathers tubbing so unconcernedly together in the great hot-water hall beyond the partition. But, for all his fancied seclusion, there are never any locks to Japanese bath-house doors, and little *nesans* trot in and out with towels and bath-gowns, and call sister maids to come and see the foreigner's soap-box or jewels at the edge of the tub. The ancient lamplighter goes methodically and unconcernedly on his rounds, regardless of any crazy white bather who may choose to crouch in the clear, clear water and gurgle inarticulate appeals for him to go away. Takeo has long enjoyed the favor of the foreign residents and naval visitors to Nagasaki, and the day's journey by steamer across the Bay of Omori, and by jinrikisha over the high hills and through the most beautiful rice valleys in all Japan, tempts many repetitions of such a charming excursion.

The road from Takeo to Arita, and thence to either Imari or Saiki by the sea, presents the same long panorama of landscape beauty, "brocade" roads, every one of them. At many places a bunch of travellers' waraji, or straw sandals, with a bamboo cup, is hung to stakes, sometimes sheltered by a straw hat. These self-selling *waraji* are a surviving custom of old, old Japan, and in the porcelain province all who travel are trusted to help themselves to the *waraji* that suit, and drop the coppers in the cup—a sufficient commentary on Hizen and its people.

Until this decade Imari was the port of shipment for Arita's products, and although no porcelain was ever made at Imari, it gave its name to all the decorated wares of Hizen that went through the Dutch traders to Nagasaki. The junks now load at Saiki, on the Bay of Omori, whence there is shorter sail to Nagasaki. Cart-loads of straw-cased porcelains, coolies, and itinerant peddlers carrying their stock of bargains hung from shoulder-poles, declare the special industry of Arita long before one sights Idzu-



SHINTO SHRINE NEAR ARITA.

STAMP-MILL FOR PORCELAIN STONE, NEAR ARITA.

GRINDING AND STRAINING THE GLAZE.

CRUSHING PORCELAIN STONE—ARITA STREET.

KILNS IN ARITA READY FOR FIRING.

ARITA, THE PORCELAIN TOWN OF HIZEN.

During the thirty years of Meiji, or enlightenment, the reign of the present Emperor, the ceramic art has kept pace with other industrial arts in the great commercial development of Japan. The increasing foreign demand has stimulated the production and export of porcelain and pottery, and maintained continuous prosperity in the centres of such manufacture. The porcelain-makers of Hizen have for almost three centuries set the ceramic fashions for the rest of Japan, and their art is still advancing as an art. The artist potters are achieving fresh successes, making new departures, and maintaining the reputation for originality and artistic excellence which has so long been the pride of their province.

The town of Arita, which might well have been called the King Te-ching of Japan, has grown from the tiny hamlet of Tanakamura, where Risampei, the Korean, set up his wheel and kilns when he had discovered the stone and clay beds of Idzumiyama, just three centuries ago. It has enjoyed a continuous and increasing prosperity for all that time, and with the opening of the country to foreign trade its fortunes have progressed amazingly. Its five thousand inhabitants are every one of them connected in some way with the kaolinic calling. All show the signs of Korean descent and relationship, and the great families continue the names adopted by their Korean ancestors, who were brought over as the most valuable of the spoils of war—the living indemnity wrung by Hideyoshi, the Taiko, from the long-suffering peninsula after the great expedition of 1593.

When the railway reaches Arita and connects it with both Moji and Nagasaki, a change may come over the busy little town which retains so much of old Japan. Although it boasts kerosene street lamps, the shopkeepers still set up images of Ebisu, the god of prosperity and abundance, at their shop doors and at the street corners—"because he improves trade." Besides the regular government schools, a school of ceramics is maintained, and young Arita is given technical and chemical instruction in all the processes incident to porcelain manufacture and decoration. But there is a thorough training-school in every Arita home; each household is a pottery complete; the wheel is the centre of the living-room and family life; and there is a beehive kiln in every yard, where even the littlest people have a chance to put their toy efforts to the fire test. In olden times Arita was locally divided into sections by the specialties of the families clustered together in little neighborhoods. There was the quarter of the cup and bowl makers; the moulders of plates were grouped apart; and there was also "the street of the painters in red." Yet there was little of the systematic division of labor observed in Chinese potteries. Almost as a rule the piece was shaped, decorated, and glazed by the same hand, and this secured the individuality and greater artistic expression of choice pieces. With modern trade competition, and the demoralization of all art by the large wholesale orders destined for barbarian markets, the Chinese, or factory method, is fast growing, and the bulk of Arita porcelain is not characteristic or worthy of Japan.

The largest pottery in Arita is that of the Koransha Company, which has been in existence and managed by the same Fukugawa family for two hundred and fifty years. The Koransha have been the chief exporters of porcelains for the foreign market since the earliest Dutch days at Nagasaki, and upon the retirement of the discomfited Hollanders, on the opening of the country to general foreign trade, the Koransha took the old Dutch factory on Deseina Island, Nagasaki, for their chief warehouse and showrooms. They have displayed at all international exhibitions with great success, amazing Occidental potters by their range, from the tiniest and most fragile toys to vases taller than their makers, and plaques measuring a yard in diameter. Little of their ware is intended for or could be used by the Japanese themselves, the company profitably continuing the traditions by which their forefathers prospered in shaping and coloring according to commercial orders and suggestions from abroad. The establishment employs over five hundred potters and painters, and a hundred other workmen. The Idzumiyama stone is pulverized by machinery, although a few old stamp-mills continue their deliberate way on the bank of

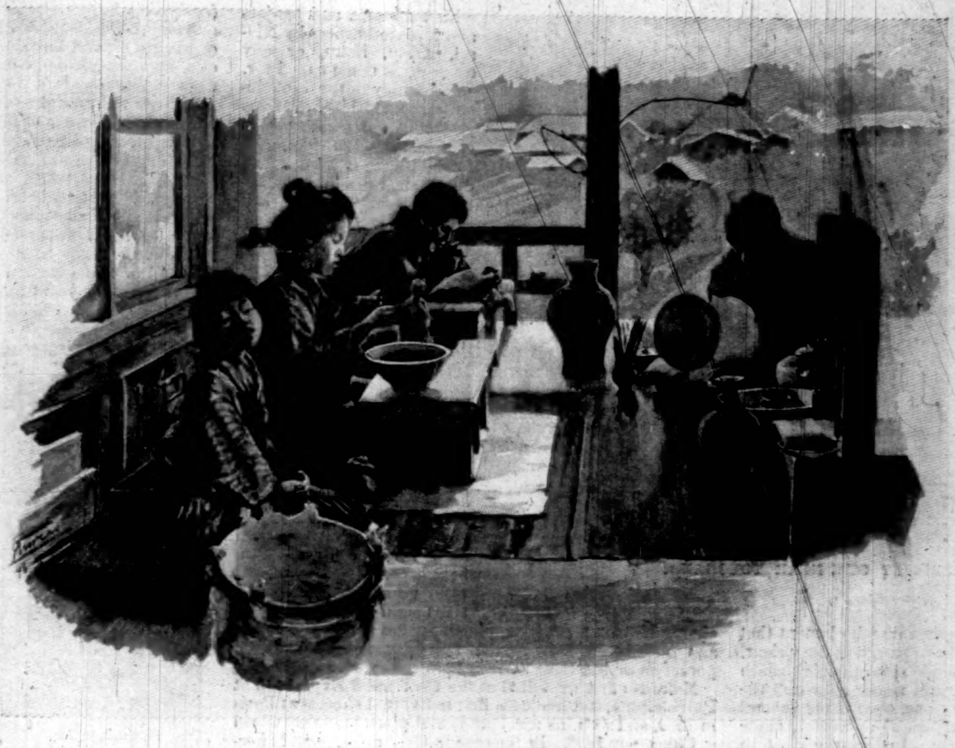
miyama. That green mountain, which holds the town in its great sloping ravine, conceals in its glens and caves seemingly inexhaustible stores of kaolin clay and the felspathic rock, or petuntse, which, fused together, produce the hard-ringing porcelain of this Arita district of Hizen.

One meets cart-loads of these raw materials being drawn to the potteries, and the constant droppings of nearly three centuries have converted the road into a compact hard-paste kaolinic highway as fine and white as porcelain biscuit, with which it is identical in composition. The *tokishi*, or porcelain stone, is pounded to fine powder in countless little toy stamp-mills, whose heavy thatched roofs across the rice-fields, niched in toy valleys or green groves, seem purposely placed for decorative effect and to tempt the artist or photographer. Water has been tamed and trained to perform so many ingenious tricks by itself in Japan that it is quite a part of it to find these little mills docilely pounding porcelain stone, with no one to tend or direct them after the mortar has been filled and the stream turned on from ditch or flume. Night and day the long rough-hewn beam rises and falls, as the water, filling the scooped cavity or box at the outer end of the beam, causes it to sink, empty, and righting itself, bring the iron-shod pestle down in the mortar with a resounding blow. The owner goes away to weed his rice or follow other pursuits, and the lonely, intelligent little mill of Lilliput is shaken by about one noisy thump to the minute.

Arita potters have burrowed in and nibbled away at Idzumiyama's quarries and clay-beds for these three centuries, since their discovery by the Korean potters in 1599, without exhausting the deposits. In feudal times the Nabeshima princes managed the workings carefully, but after their disestablishment at the time of the Restoration the quarries became public property, and there was reckless waste. The village of Arita now holds the property for the common benefit; the slopes of the mountain are being reforested, the quarrying is conducted under expert direction, and the stone is sorted into five qualities and sold by weight. The first quality, which is very white, hard, and compact, sells for thirty sen (fifteen cents, United States) each 500 catties (665 pounds avoirdupois). Other grades, containing more quartz or stained with iron, are sold at varying prices, down to fifteen sen the 500 catties. This Idzumiyama *tokishi* corresponds to the petuntse, or felspathic rock, of China, and Dr. Rein and other German authorities pronounce it a volcanic rock which has been acted upon by solfataras. The *shiro tsuchi* (white clay) or kaolin associated with it is not as tough or pure as the Chinese, nor as the clays of Hirado, Goto, and Amakusa islands off the Hizen coast. The great cuttings and deep caverns in the hill-side give one an idea of the quantity of material that has been taken away, and imagination may construct the mountain of finished porcelain that has resulted.

The town of Arita begins at the quarry gates and straggles away in one long street—a straight continuation of the Takeo road, which there follows the course of a long steep ravine. All the way there is porcelain to right and porcelain to left—porcelain in rough lumps of stone under the door-sills; as dough on the household wheel; standing freshly baked by the door of the family kiln, or as household utilities exposed for sale in the village shops. For three hundred years this kaolinic community has been a-kilning on this same spot, and the whole hard-paste, underglaze, blue and white body municipal might answer to the catechism that truly man is made of clay, and by clay alone he lives. Save for thermometers to test the kiln's heat and cheap paints to please barbarian tastes, this industry has taken nothing from the Western world, and has not changed any process in this last era of wholesale innovations in so many other industrial lines. The Buddhist people still climb to one hill-side temple with a great torii and lanterns of blue and white porcelain to pray for success with the hazards of each kiln, for the gods to solve some difficulty and to light them to new discoveries or perfections in their art, besides all the other implorations of vexed and suffering humanity. This and a little Shinto shrine on a knoll suffice for their spiritual needs, and a turn into a cleft at the foot of the hill introduces them to as wild a ravine as ever Kakemono artist delighted in—the real conventional classic landscape, the rocks and trees as severe in line and tragic in shadows as anything a Kano or a Tosa painted—a Japanese Via Mala that is refuge enough from all the work-a-day world of wheels and kilns.

IN A JAPANESE POTTERY—SHAPING VASES AND PAINTING ON THE BISCUIT.



PAINTING THE BISCUIT AND OVERGLAZE.

a little stream that divides the Koransha works. The white powder is washed in large vats, strained through fine wire and cloths, and dried in loose lumps. It is wetted and mixed with the well-washed kaolin clay, and this gray dough or biscuit is then kneaded for hours with hands and feet before being set away for a fortnight or so to ripen or ferment, instead of for the years that Chinese and European potters allot to the aging of their biscuit.

The biscuit is shaped on a double wheel, the lower table driven by the foot, instead of on the primitive single wheel controlled by rod and hand. The handles and ornamental parts of vases and irregularly shaped pieces are pressed in moulds. The biscuit of Japanese porcelain is even less tough and tenacious than European biscuit, and, like it, receives a first gentle firing after it has been thoroughly dried in the air. The Idzumiyama materials are often mixed with clays from Hirado and Amakusa Island to give toughness, or at least coated with it better to fit it for receiving the cobalt decorations and the glaze. The coated pieces go to the painter's long loft, where the decorations in blue under the glaze are applied, usually in a mixture of one-half Chinese and one-half European cobalt, which results in a clear but very hard unsympathetic blue. The pure Chinese cobalt costs fifteen dollars a pound. There is a native cobaltiferous ore at half that price, which gives a dark muddy blue; and still cheaper are the imported cobalts, or smalt, producing that thin lilacy aniline blue so much used in the sadly corrupted blue and white province of Owari, and which those degenerate potters defend as "the prevailing fashion" and "the foreign taste." Other parts of the design which are to be done in enamels over the glaze are sketched in at the same time in India-ink, the ink turning white in the great firing, but leaving shadowy lines to guide the less skilful painters who apply the overglaze decoration.

THE YOUNGER MAKUDSU.

真葛窯香山製

MAKUDSU KOZAN.

The glaze is compounded of Hirato or Goto clay, or of the top layers of the precipitated Idzumiyama clay, in the great tanks, mixed with water, and the carefully leached ashes of ferns and oak or chestnut wood. The articles are dipped twice in this smooth creamy liquid, which fire transforms to a hard, brilliant, transparent glaze. After drying, each piece is set on a fire-tile, sealed in its seggar, and piled with other seggars on the sand-floored kilns, which are built in rows in the old style, and fired one by one. The heat is maintained for twenty-four hours, and six days are allowed for the cooling of the kilns. The firing of one such set of five small beehive kilns costs between forty and fifty dollars, as there are no forests within ten miles of Arita, timber-culture is barely begun, and the wood must be brought from a great distance. Owing to the softness of the Japanese clays, many accidents result in the kilns, and curious pieces emerge that have toppled over, slumped down, run together, and warped in strange ways in the intense heat that has fixed those forms. The cobalt decorations seen through the clear glaze seem to have sunk far into the body of the paste, instead of floating in and becoming part of the glaze itself as in Chinese porcelains. The painting in vitreous enamels, or the metallic oxides, yielding such brilliant colors, are applied over the glaze, and fired for a few hours in a small mouffle furnace at a much lower temperature.

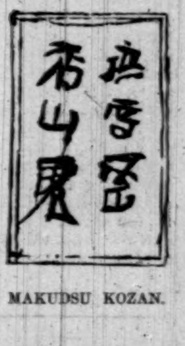
The Koransha used to be prolific of novelties, original schemes of color decoration, and the adaptation of old forms and decorative motifs to modern articles, but for a decade they have been relapsing. Three of their standard designs were most pleasing and characteristic. In one a solid ground of the brilliant old-red enamel was decorated with the Chinese boys or the sages in the bamboo grove in reserves of blue and white; in a second charming design, peculiarly Aritan, bamboo groves were drawn delicately in blue, with fleckings of gold and silver; and the third of the Koransha's distinctive motifs was the ascending dragon visible through rolling clouds. The Koransha could not account for any artistic relapses, but the recent great demand for reproductions of the blue and white wares of the last century has undoubtedly claimed their attention. At the time of my visit the whole establishment was running overtime to complete the large government order for insulators and jars for the military telegraph and telephone lines in Korea. Every workman was doing his loyal part toward carrying the war into Manchuria, and, it was so fondly hoped, clear on to Peking.

真葛

MAKUDSU KOZAN.

More interesting as the survivals of the old spirit and the old order under which all of the Japanese arts have grown and flourished were the little household potteries, each family group constituting a whole establishment, and all working together under patriarchal rule. This form of social order and economy presents most of picturesqueness, too, and one has the whole industry presented almost in one glance. The humbler members of the household draw the stone and clay in carts from Idzumiyama themselves, and one sees the simplest form of stamp-mill, the primitive Chinese mortar, at work in the yard, or before the very door. This is the same machine used for husking rice all over Japan, only in Arita the mortar is often filled with lumps of *tokishi*. A man or woman stands on one end of the beam, and by the release of his or her weight causes the pestle to fall in the mortar, and gradually crush the stone to the finest powder. These poor creatures step up and down in their tread-mill occupation for hours at a time, but, with the traditional Japanese cheerfulness, are always ready to smile and chatter with passers-by.

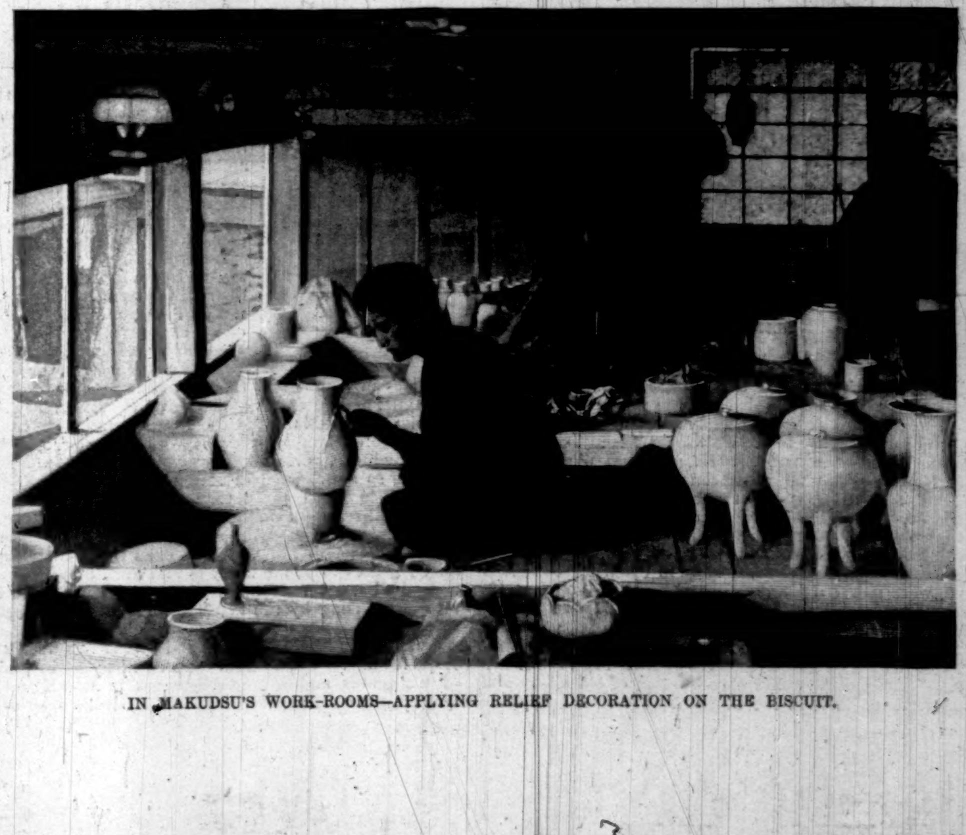
It is the patriarch who shapes the pieces on the wheel, or determines what the others shall shape, just as he does or directs the decoration, and his mind and hand control every process in his little pottery. The women and girls have their part, too, and even the little children can help by grinding colors, or pressing in moulds the handles and ornamental parts of teapots or vases that are applied separately to the moulded pieces. There is high family festival when the little row of kilns are packed ready for firing, neighbors often combining in the use of the kilns, and there is suspense of a week or more between lighting the fire and ascertaining the results of the firing. One would regret to have this feature, these admirable little studies in political economy, crushed out by the Western factory system, and patriarchal rule give way to the steam-whistle and time-keeper of modern machine methods.



MAKUDSU KOZAN.

THE GREAT PORCELAIN-ARTISTS OF JAPAN.

The potter's art is, of all the arts, wholly the Oriental's, and they who taught still lead and surpass the Occidental world, where scientific progress has left so few secrets unrevealed. The first porcelains of Meissen and Chantilly were the results of efforts to imitate Chinese and Japanese wares, and Crown Derby and Worcester workmen as carefully copied Oriental decorations. To-day the show-rooms of the Copenhagen, Sèvres, and Berlin porcelain factories, and the exhibitions of both Paris Salons, show that Western artists are directing their most serious efforts to achieving the same results in monochrome and flambe glazes, and in underglaze relief and decorations, as the Chinese and Japanese potters—their pitiable results only proving the incontestable superiority of the Oriental potter. All of modern science, all the revelations of chemical analysis,

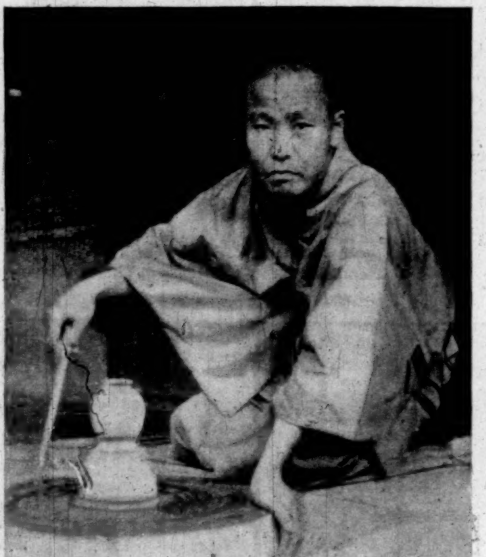


IN MAKUDSU'S WORK-ROOMS—APPLYING RELIEF DECORATION ON THE BISCUIT.

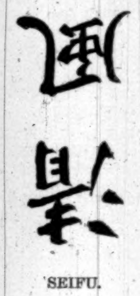
MAKUDSU'S KILNS AT OTA, NEAR YOKOHAMA.

avail them nothing. Those connoisseurs who lament that the great days of the ceramic art have passed in the Orient, that no good porcelain has been made since the eighteenth century, and that the Japanese could never approach the Chinese in porcelains, have, every one, once if not several times, bought, as antique Chinese, pieces of porcelain made at the moment by Japanese potters. In fact, the Western world has been so well supplied with these Yokohama and Kioto made *chinoiseries*, and so many Japanese potters have succeeded so well in doing all that the great Chinese potters did during the Ming dynasty, that no subterfuges are resorted to—the pieces are signed by their makers and openly exhibited for prizes. Their admirers claim that a greater fame will come to these skilful potters of to-day in the coming centuries, and their works are taking their place in all great collections of Oriental ceramics.

Makudsu, Takemoto, Inouye, Mrs. Koren, Seifu, and Higuchi are the gifted ones whose works are held in highest esteem in Japan, and throughout the world wherever the ceramic art is esteemed. Without doubt the cleverest and most talented potter now living is Kozan Miyagawa, who was born at Makudsu-ga-hara, near Kioto, and who adopted Makudsu as his trade-name when he established his kilns at Ota village, near Yokohama, some thirty years ago. This potter of a thousand themes, this archmagician in clays and glazes, must, by his own Buddhist doctrines, be a reincarnation of some great potter of the past, possessing the most varied talents, and his all-around sleight-of-hand ability conquers with ease every problem of the ceramic art. When Makudsu first came to Ota he turned his talents to imitating old Satsuma, and with such success that Western collectors were soon well supplied, the market became overstocked, the bubble burst, and there was a sudden drop in the prices of the many pieces of perfect paste and finely crackled glaze, of such marvellous old-ivory tones, with sober decorations in soft enamel tints—the true *nishiki*, or "brocade" faience of Satsuma—that no European or American collector needed any training for the eye immediately to appreciate. For a time he devoted himself to relief-work in faience—monstrous jars decorated with more monstrous birds and trees modelled in full relief, that, being wholly un-Japanese, and designed purely to catch the barbarian eye, were received by the barbarians as "so Oriental!" Then he achieved his "difficult ware," an incrustation of porcelain reliefs on a faience ground, each with its own appropriate decorations and glaze. Then, for a venture, he essayed the enamelled faiences of Ninsei and the richly glazed wares of the other clay-workers of old Kioto, and collectors' cabinets in the Occident were as eagerly filled with tea-bowls and tea-jars and incense-burners by Ninsei, Korin, Raku, or any other great name called for.



SEIFU OF KIOTO.



SEIFU.

SEIFU.

Inevitably the monochrome and richly clouded glazes of old Chinese porcelains attracted him, and forthwith the Ota kilns produced such peachblows, apple greens, purples, leaf browns, mirror blacks, pearly grays, moonlight and powdered blues, imperial yellows, coral, and sang du bœuf as have imposed themselves upon native Peking experts, and in their satin-lined Chinese boxes have been hailed without a question in Europe. His peachblows are marvellous, his crackled and flambe glazes and his relief and impressed engravings in the porcelain paste are beyond praise, and his ivory whites with contorted *mangs* and lizards are miracles. Quite his own are shadowy designs drawn beneath clouded gray and rose glazes, faint suggestions and impressions of cherry blossoms, dragons, pine branches across the moon, and ghostly storks. In this specialty the Copenhagen porcelain artists have tried to imitate the wizard of Ota.

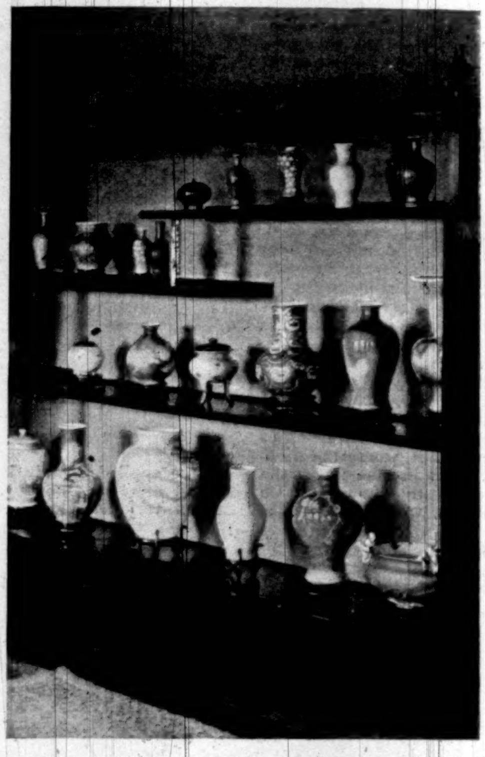
Makudsu first exhibited at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, but made his first individual success at Paris in 1889, and won his real laurels and place in the art world at Chicago in 1893. In the case in the Art Palace this necromancer showed such a collection of monochrome, souffle, flambe, splashed, clouded, and crackled glazes, such relief and underglaze decorations in porcelain, and such faiences as made collectors of Oriental ceramics feel nervous. There was also a screen of carved wood in which Makudsu had embedded, as if they rested on the shelves of a cabinet, small and characteristic examples of every variety of porcelain and faience known to Japan. Makudsu made such a fortune by the sales at Chicago that he has done almost nothing since but enjoy himself in ease. He is such a wizard with clay, and succeeds so easily, that the admirers of his genius wish him to devote himself only to art works—to close his potteries to commercial orders, to quit mere counterfeiting, and to do greater things in the years that remain to him. But Makudsu works by whim and impulse, by the rule of thumb, and half that happens in his kilns is pure accident, happy hazards of this talented potter of such infinite lines. He is past seventy years of age, bald as a Buddhist priest, but there is no artistic calm or dreaminess in his cunning eye, but a shrewd twinkle that belongs to one who could deceive mandarin connoisseurs with an Ota-fired peachblow or a giant crackle. Makudsu is usually invisible to those who visit his inner and outer sales-rooms and all the work-rooms, but, when cornered, is a suave and engaging old soul, not averse to well-applied flatteries, but resolute against being photographed. "Take my son. He is young and good-looking. His is better than my old bald head."

Takemoto, an artist of great genius, had his kilns in Tokyo, and there produced some wonderful peachblows, robin's-egg and turquoise blues, and glazes splashed and flecked with brilliant color. Takemoto was a gentleman of some means, and pursued his art for sheer love of it, constantly experimenting, and attempting the most difficult feats. His father was a *hatamoto* under the Tokugawa rule, and as *bungo* of Vraga first met Commodore Perry on the latter's arrival off that little seaport town in Yeddo Bay. Takemoto was just beginning to enjoy his laurels, when his death, of grip, late in 1892, ended the hopes for the most brilliant genius in his line. His friends put aside all his pieces to send to the Chicago Exposition, as had been Takemoto's ambition, and the display of the one hundred examples of his skill won all the posthumous honors Japanese mind could wish.

Inouye Riosai, who lately moved from the Seto porcelain district of Owari, is the most nearly Takemoto's artistic successor at Tokyo, and this practical potter has more than surprised connoisseurs with his successes in flambe and transmutation souffles of brilliant tints, and jewelled and flaming clouds with which he relieves the dull dead-leaf glazes.

Mrs. Koren is a sculptor as well as potter, and her charming little figurines and groups, modelled in unglazed clay, are so appreciated in Europe that they are almost unknown in Japan, and never reach the open home market. She lives in great seclusion in Tokyo, admitting no purchasers or foreign visitors to her work-room, and sending everything to Paris, so that even fellow-artists and the curio-dealers do not know of and cannot direct one to her. In Paris her name commands great price, and her praises are sung by the many collectors of Orientals in that capital.

Seifu is the king of potters and first ceramic artist of Kioto to-day. Connoisseurs are extravagant in praises of his genius, and his establishment in the Kiomidzu quarter, near the top of Teapot Hill, is visited by every foreigner who goes to Kioto. Seifu is a grave and serious man, who has toiled long and late over the problems of his glazes, and has achieved wonderful results in celadon, imperial yellow, coral red, and aubergine purples in such brilliant covers to his carefully moulded forms. For years the produce of his kilns in crackle and monochrome glazes went directly to China, where they confounded Peking experts, but with the more recent acknowledgment of the skill of other Japanese potters in the same lines these triumphs in classic lines are now signed openly and proudly sold. In blue and white decoration, with and without relief engraving under the glaze, Seifu surpasses his rivals, and his ivory white makes one sceptical before every case of such old Chinese porcelains. Peachblow and sang du bœuf have rather evaded him, but the twenty years' struggle with the purples of manganese have succeeded, and he commands the whole scale of that color, from the brilliant liquid paler tones to the darkest shade of the egg-plant's rind. While never exactly copying Chinese designs in his decorations, Seifu is strongly influenced by them, and his tastes are very classic. Seifu's fathers were potters on Teapot Hill before him, and his is the development of inherited genius. Seifu's bustling practical little wife is the business partner of the establishment, looks to the sales, orders, and payments, and manages for the serious dreamer, whose thoughts are all for line and form and color, for crackle and jewel-toned glazes, and the drawing of graceful flowers. After seeing what Seifu's wheel and kilns can produce one remembers with amusement those muddy celadons, the splotched and blistered efforts in high colors so mistakenly displayed at Sèvres, at the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars Salons, and remembers too how the great French critics aver that the Chinese are the "porcelainiers par excellence," and the Japanese cannot approach them.

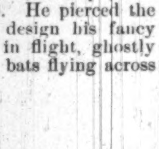


"OLD CHINESE" MADE BY MAKUDSU.

HIGUCHI HARUZANE, THE GREAT PORCELAIN-ARTIST OF HIZEN.

Uresino, nine miles south from Takeo, is another favorite health resort of Hizen, whose hot mineral baths are only less popular than those of Takeo. There was a whole poolful of bathers steaming sociably together when we looked in upon them, and the stout old woman in charge of the baths displayed with pride the secluded pool lined with blue and white tiles, and specially set apart for the mystery-loving, shame-possessed foreigner. The cooling-room commands a view of a most beautiful rice-valley across the roaring stream, and from Takeo on to the sea the landscape beauty of Hizen is of the rarest order.

Uresino has long been a busy porcelain village, but its distinction now lies in the fact that Higuchi Haruzane, the greatest of Hizen artists, has his kilns in the tiny hamlet of Kotashi, across the broad rice-valley. Higuchi has always lived in Kotashi's own lilliputian valley, and his fine blue and white ware has been much exported to China, where Japanese table-wares have been in high fashion for two centuries. Higuchi has made the artistic pilgrimage to ruined King Te-ching and the few potteries of modern China, and sixteen years ago began experimenting to secure some real novelty and specialty of his own. For six years he essayed in many lines, at last succeeding in his *ganju yaki* (jewel-set or pearl-inlaid ware), an excised or "grains of rice" porcelain, in which the designs are not the traditional old geometric patterns in thick Chinese porcelain, but free broad designs in the Japanese, or natural, style cut through the thinnest egg-shell paste. He made an entirely new departure, and struck such a note of perfection, such a technical and artistic triumph, that no rivals or imitators have yet arisen. He pierced the thinnest egg-shell with any flowing design his fancy traced, cutting out groups of storks in flight, ghostly pine branches and sprays of bamboo, bats flying across



TAKEMOTO.

the moon, drooping clusters of wistaria, cherry blossoms, winged insects, and whole poems in the running traceries of Japanese script or "grass characters"—filling these openings with a delicate translucent film of glaze. Higuchi's first perfect piece of *ganju yaki* was sent as an offering to the Emperor, and the imperial thanks and praises were accompanied by large orders for palace use, which at once raised him to the height of a Japanese ceramist's ambition.

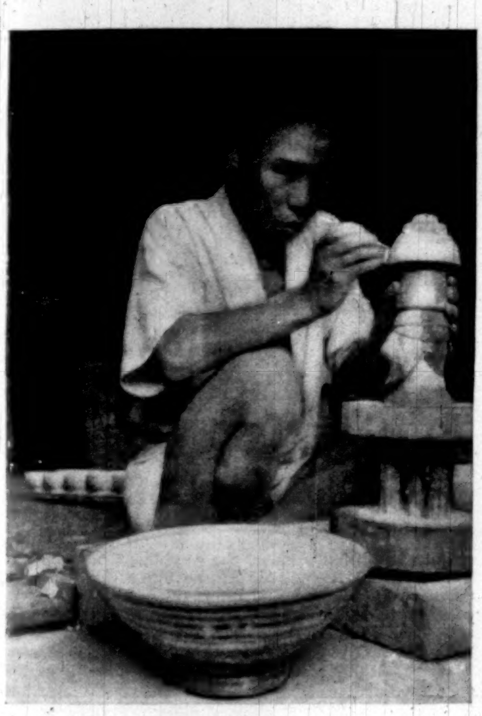
日本佐賀縣肥前杵島郡小田志山
樋口治實

HIGUCHI HARUZANE.

Higuchi has been constantly advancing in his art, and there does not seem to be any limit to the fancy and daring of his designs. He still considers his *chef-d'œuvre* to be the large vase exhibited in the Art Palace at the Chicago Exposition, in which kirin and phœnix are cut through the thin body and broad "morning-glory" mouth of a vase sixteen inches in height. This vase, and a bowl cut with groups of grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles, went to the collection of the late William T. Walters, of Baltimore, an enthusiastic admirer of Higuchi's genius and personality.

HIGUCHI HARUZANE,
The Inventor of Genshu Yaki or Ganju Yaki.

During a day spent at his pottery we followed every process by which rough stone and clay are converted into the fragile and exquisite *ganju yaki*. The utmost care is taken in the preparation of the materials for the biscuit, the repeated washing and trituration permitting the liquid paste to be strained through fine silk before, in its last state, it goes to the double wheel, whose lower rim is directed by the foot, so that the potter has both hands free to manipulate the clay. One workman was moulding some delicately ribbed chrysanthemum bowls for Prince Komatsu, and another was carving out others of unique forms from roughly moulded and sun-dried biscuit as if from original stone. Unmixed Amakusa Island clay, which posesses greater toughness and tenacity than that of Idzumiyama or Hirado, is used for the biscuit of egg-shell ware and for *ganju yaki*. When moulded, the pieces are dried in the open air for a fortnight, and the outlines of the design are drawn lightly on the surface. Shikadzu, the one artist who works with Higuchi in this specialty, cuts away the paste with a tiny knife-blade tool with light sure touches, and the piece is very lightly baked to contract the paste. The soft milky glaze, made chiefly of Taishu clay from the Goto Islands, is applied little by little, until each aperture is closed by a pearly curtain, and the piece is baked gently again. Finally the glaze is applied to the whole surface, and the bit of *genshu yaki* is sealed in its seggar, and has its third and last firing at the highest degree of heat. Innumerable failures go to each success, and the hazards of the kiln are so great that to secure five cups of *ganju yaki* thirty are put in the kiln, and often another and another thirty are fired before there result five pieces of such perfection that Higuchi will let them go forth with his signature. Besides Shikadzu, Higuchi had another assistant, Matsuoki, who did much of the work in that case filled with exquisite *ganju yaki* cups in the Manufactures Building at Chicago. He died before the long-delayed medal and diploma came to Kotashi, but Higuchi had a special Buddhist ceremony held at Matsuoki's grave, and read the diploma between the priest's prayers for the repose of the artist's soul.



HIGUCHI'S WORKMAN SHAPING PRINCE KOMATSU'S BOWLS.

During the war summer even Higuchi's establishment was pressed into service, and ran overtime to supply pans and insulators for military telegraph and telephone lines; but the face of the grave serene artist glowed with delight that he could aid in that much towards his country's victories, and the successes of the Heijo and the Yalu were more joy to him than a whole kiln of flawless *ganju yaki*.

Higuchi enjoys the honor of supplying the delicate blue and white ware for the Emperor's private table, and the thin bowls and cups decorated in blue with the same design of the graceful phœnix and bits of broken diaper patterns that has been used on all the palace porcelain made in Hizen for the past century. Not even the imperfect pieces bearing the imperial crests and this classic old design can be sold, and every piece drawn from the kilns is as carefully guarded as a jewel. No gifts nor bribes can move Higuchi, and collector or curio-seeker can only obtain a bit of imperial porcelain by presenting a written order from the Minister of the Imperial Household Department at Tokyo; and none such have yet been filed away in Kotashi.

Higuchi's is a charming personality, and this grave and gentle soul, to whom success and prosperity have brought such serenity and content, is one of the best examples of his type and class which constitute the real soul and strength of Japan. He very gently reproved the little children who flocked after us on tiptoe as we made the tour of his pottery; and when we interceded for them he bade them be very polite, and make a bow before staring at the foreigners. Those comical little people immediately ducked courtesies to us; and after that, if we by chance caught an eye, the child at once made a bow, and then began a new look with all the seriousness in the world.

NISE-MONO, OR IMITATION WARE MADE BY THE BEST ARTISTS OF ARITA.

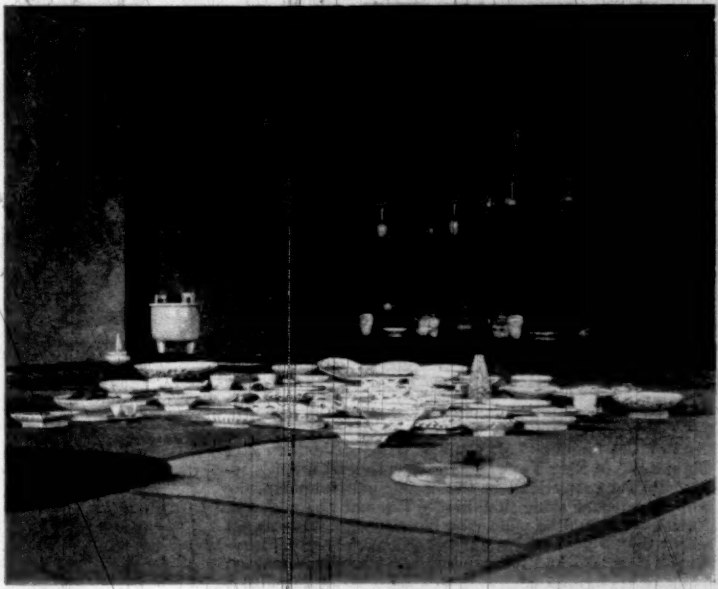
Quite the best work done in Arita at this day is *nise-mono*, imitation ware, or clever counterfeits of the blue and white porcelain, chiefly plates, formerly made at the private factories of the princes of Nabeshima at Okawaji, a few miles north of Arita, and at the private factory of the princes of Hirado at Mikawaji, a few miles south of Arita. The craze for old blue and white that possessed European collectors and buyers a dozen years ago first made those princely wares generally known, and their merits gave them such vogue that Japan was drained of all choicer cabinet examples. There remained then only the heavy, deeply curved, bowl-like plates, which, being made for the prince's own use, or for his gifts to sovereigns and fellow-daimios, were the objects on which the artists lavished their best efforts. Eight years ago a Boston visitor, appreciating the great technical and artistic perfection of these rimless plates, began buying a few dozen sets for himself, and then more sets for his friends, until he had acquired more than six hundred plates in Kioto alone. The native papers got word of it, and embroidered upon it, and soon "the Honorable Foreigner of the Thousand Plates" was pointed out as he rode by; his particular world seemed turned to blue and white, and peddlers and coolies and august merchants of antiquities were continually ascending and descending Yaami's hill-side with something to tempt the apparent monomaniac. Then native collectors bestirred themselves—too late, for, quite unwittingly, the Bostonian had cornered the market, and carried off about all that was worth having in the shape of a blue and white plate in northern Japan. Nabeshima plates increased five times in value in a year, and, as a natural consequence, there was a lull, followed by an influx of imitation plates, and now one may buy as many plates of any of the princely classic old designs as he may wish for by the commercial dozen or gross.

樋
口

HIGUCHI.

The first morning that I was in Arita our mats were spread over with imitation plates, family treasures of the tea-house proprietor's reduced brother—an imitation brother, too, as it afterwards proved. Our kind Japanese friend, who made himself our ceramic host during our stay, and showed us everything interesting, beautiful, and historic in Arita, seemed quite indignant when I asked him one morning where these clever imitations of old wares were being made. He disclaimed all knowledge, and was sure it could not be in Arita nor in Hizen that such iniquities flourished.

I was anxious to meet Tsuji Katsuzo, the descendant of the great Hidachi-no-Daijo, an artist potter who has inherited all the skill of his forefathers, and was said to possess a godown full of ancestral porcelains and albums relating to the family art. "He is my uncle; I will take you there myself this afternoon," said our host. When we did enter the gateway of the great one it bore the appearance of any potter's yard—freshly moulded pieces set in rows on boards to dry in the open air covering half the ground space, and a row of beehive kilns under thatched sheds further declaring the industry of the owner. "My uncle, you know, is the cleverest imitator of old Nabeshima and Hirado. The greatest connoisseurs are deceived by his *nise-mono*."



COUNTERFEITERS' DEN IN ARITA.
Tsuji Katsuzo's Original Nabeshimas which he has imitated.

And this from the high-souled blue and white gentleman of Arita who a few hours before denied that such work was done in Hizen!

And there was our landlord's imitation brother hard at work in the potter's yard, with the very basket and the worm-eaten boxes filled with the spurious plates this clever salesman of the breakfast hour had flashed before me!

SHIKADZU,
Higuchi's Assistant in Genshu Yaki or Ganju Yaki.

Tsuji Katsuzo is the most charming old man—a bit of old Japan and real old Hizen that these modern times cannot produce nor imitate—and we forgot the iniquity of his occupation before we had been five minutes in his great cool room, with its softly toned screens, and the open front facing a living screen of golden green foliage. Tea and cakes and sugar flower, pretty speeches, and compliments back and forth prepared the way, and the circling talk settled down upon his art. With chuckles of embarrassed pride his son produced the latest successes—imitations that did not always imitate, because they so far surpassed the models. They were too well done altogether, and surpassed the originals in many technical qualities, save when he had tried by cheap purplish French cobalt to traduce the soft twilight tones of the old Nabeshima blue. There were no gems among the counterfeiter's models—his "examples," as he called them. Every old piece was chipped, cracked, and mended past presentation in any shop, and none were *chefs-d'œuvre* put aside by their makers as records of achievement or sources of inspiration, but all rejects, smoked and imperfect pieces. Every precious old design was there, however, with the official *kushite*, or "comb" mark, of the Nabeshima on the foot, and the jewels, scrolls, and floral sprays on the under rims, as guarantee of Okawaji's best ware.

"At least you have never imitated this," I said, holding up a lone example of that loveliest Nabeshima design, where pale red plum blossoms caught in the meshes of a delicate white spider-web are outlined in reserve against, not a ground, but a sky of pale pure Nabeshima blue.

"Ah," said the nephew of his uncle, "but we have—we have. I just put three hundred of those plates in my own kilns now."

This too from that same blue and white gentleman, that first citizen of Arita, who was so hurt by earlier references to *nise-mono*.

Despite the blunting of his finer senses and the corrupting of his kaolinic conscience by such nefarious occupation, Tsuji Katsuzo proved a delight, and the afternoon in this archcounterfeiter's den was a fit climax to our stay in Arita. The younger Tsuji made charming sketches for us, and was quite amused when the camera was focussed upon the great array of battered originals spread over the mats.

A few days later I went to that curio-dealer in Nagasaki so long known as "the best blue and white man in Japan," to see if anything real was left in his line, to find out if all the world were imitation only. The name of this blue and white old man is literally translated to "Mr. Sugar"; and Mr. Sugar's inner upper rooms, which I remembered as treasure-chambers filled with precious Hirado and Nabeshima two years before, held a fine assortment of imitations.

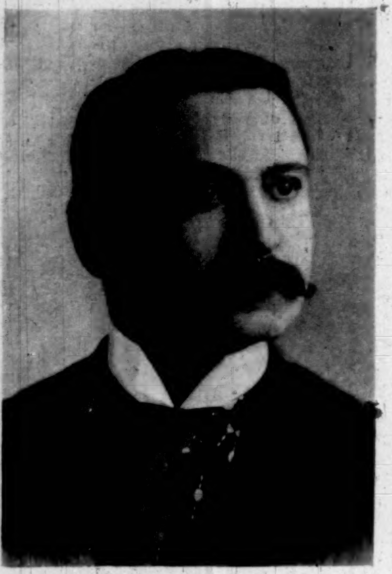
"Old Nabeshima! Old Hirado! Very old; very few these kind," he said, as he rang the edges of the plates, and flashed the ancient designs before me—every one of them freshly baked, almost hot from the Koransha's or Tsuji's counterfeiting kilns. Sadly he spoke of the old potters who had passed, and of the good old days long gone before.

"Weep no more, good Mr. Sugar," I said. "Tsuji, who made this plate, is not dead, but lives and works. I saw him on Tuesday, and he will keep you and the Kioto dealers well supplied with *nise-mono* for many tourist seasons to come."

"WIDE-OPEN" CHICAGO.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

WHEN Carter H. Harrison was running for Mayor of Chicago it was charged by almost the entire newspaper press of that city that his election would mean that under his administration the city would be "wide open." After he was elected and had assumed office, the understanding became general, not only in Chicago, but elsewhere, that Chicago was really wide open, and that, in the vernacular, "everything went." When Mayor Harrison, at the head of the famous Cook County Democratic Marching Club, came to New York last October to lend moral support to Tammany Hall in the municipal campaign, the word was passed along that, in case Tammany should win, New York would be wide open like Chicago. It was not meant that New York would take Chicago's administration as its model and follow along the same lines exactly, but it was meant that there would be what is called a "liberal interpretation" of laws regulating petty vice and crime when Tammany should come into what Tammany politicians call her own.



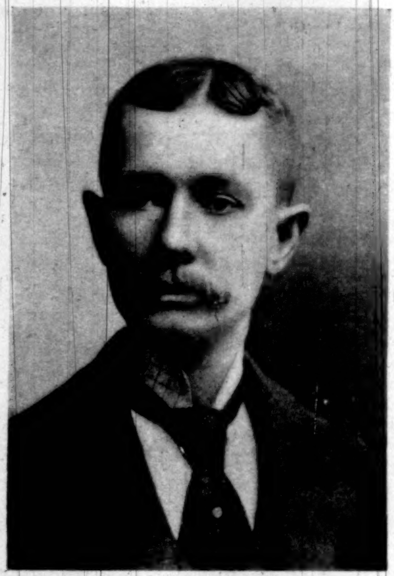
SOLOMON VAN PRAAG.
Saloon-Keeper. The man who "touched Croker."

When passing through Chicago, in the early part of December last, I endeavored to learn exactly what was meant by "wide-open" Chicago, so as to set forth what might be expected from Tammany, if the Chicago example should be followed under the administration of Mayor Van Wyck and the renewed rule of Richard Croker, in the way of "liberal interpretation" of law. I spent three days in making that investigation, and to make sure that it should be thorough and not subject to question, I enlisted the services of a Chicago police reporter of fifteen years' experience, and the assistance of an active member of the police force—a man who has worn the police uniform of that city daily for nearly a quarter of a century. The reporter was with me during the entire time of my investigations, and the police official during part of the time. The policeman went with us where it was necessary to have such an official to secure entrance to certain haunts of vice, and when, for the sake of safety, police protection seemed desirable. Wherever the policeman accompanied us he was in full uniform. He was not a patrolman.

MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON.

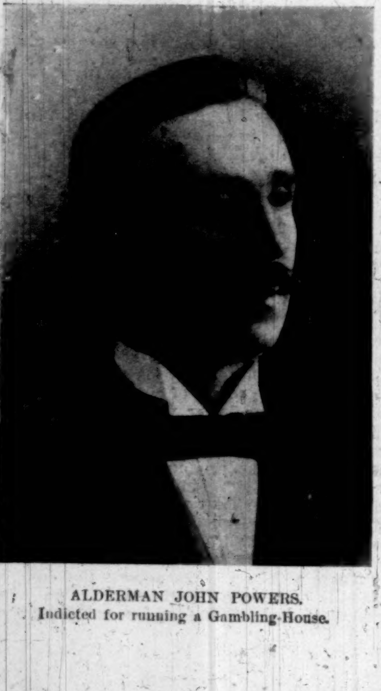
JOSEPH KIPLEY,
Superintendent of Police.

The investigation was what might be called strictly professional, in that it was undertaken from no morbid motives, and was conducted as any newspaper man of standing would make such an inquiry. We found an appalling condition of affairs in the toleration of the lowest grades of vice—a toleration demanded by the exigencies of politics and the desire to levy blackmail. We found that at that time what is known as petty gambling was conducted openly, because of the same political demand, and that the Superintendent of Police, according to his own admission, made to me in his office, knew that such gambling, with its debasing influence, was going on in dozens of places in open violation of law. Our police guide visited some of these gambling-places with us, and the fact that he was present in the room in full uniform caused no diminution in the ardor of those who were gambling, and no apparent fear of risk to players or proprietors. A day or two after Christmas, Chicago despatches said that some of the gambling-dens we visited were raided by the police. In the first week of January another raid followed, and information from Chicago has come to me that these raids were of the usual kind that take place when the police find it advisable to play honest for a time. The Civic Federation of Chicago is at work.

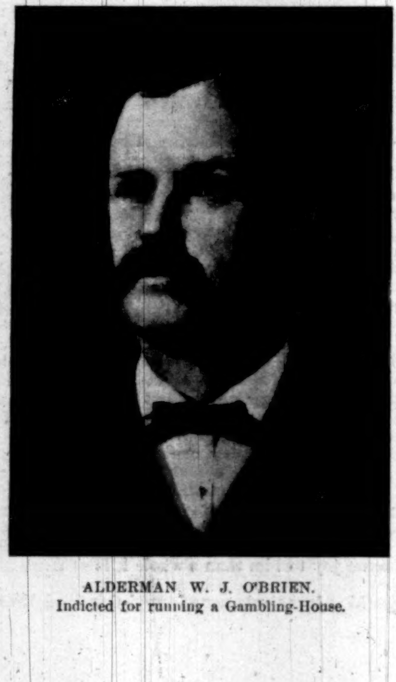


"HINKY DINK"—ALDERMAN MICHAEL KENNA.

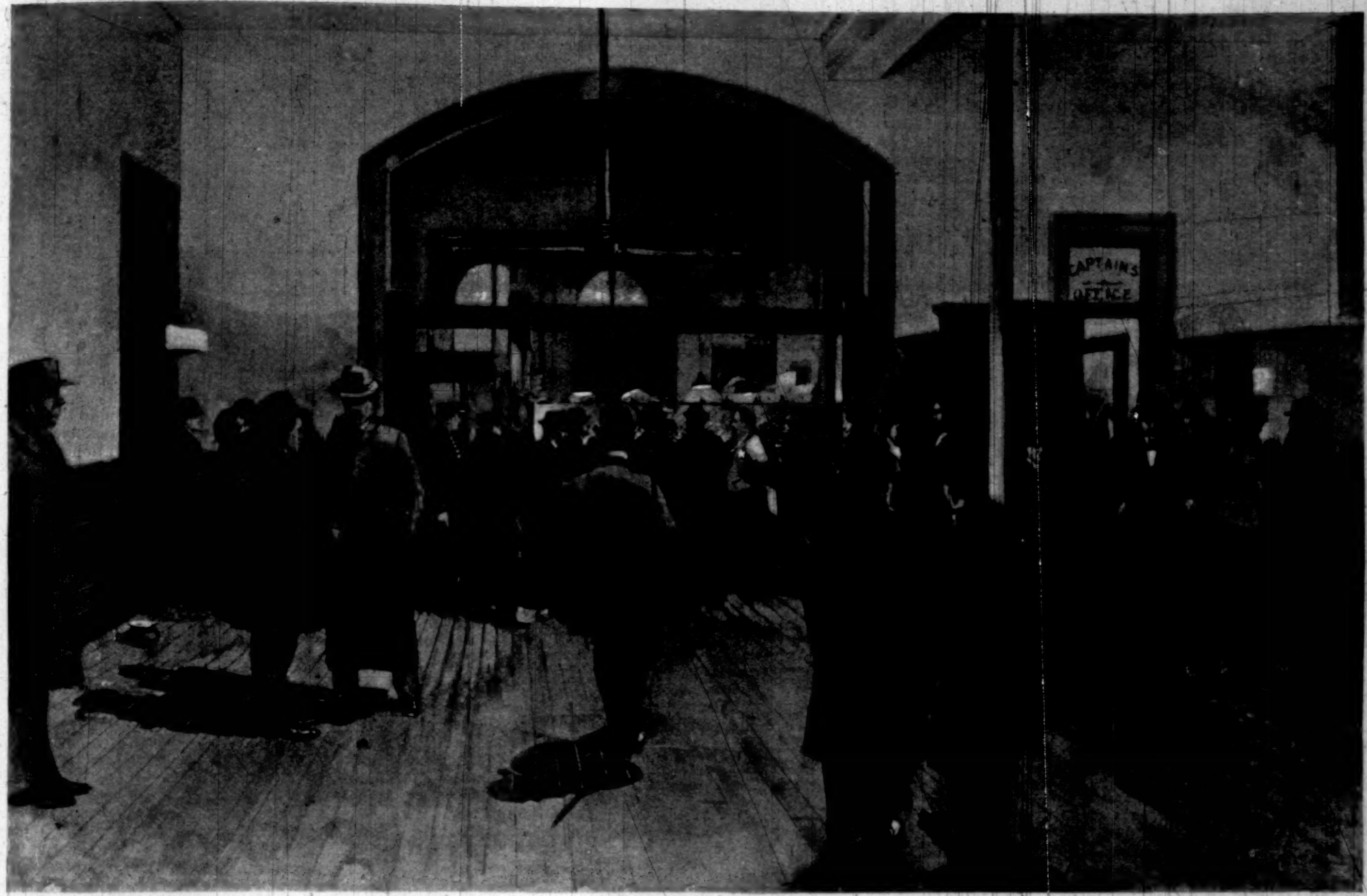
We found that a system of police blackmail is in existence in Chicago which matches in its unscrupulous nature and extent the worst phases of the police blackmail that was levied in New York under the palmy days of Tammany rule. We found that there was no pretence of enforcing the law forbidding music in saloons, and that the law compelling saloons to close on Sundays and prohibiting theatrical entertainments on that day was a dead letter, as it practically has always been in Chicago. We found block after block of low dives in the heart of the city, in what is known as the "levee district," where thieves and thugs and persons of revolting character passed in and out, the like of which the Bowery in the heyday of its prosperity never saw. We found, as the



ALDERMAN JOHN POWERS.
Indicted for running a Gambling-House.



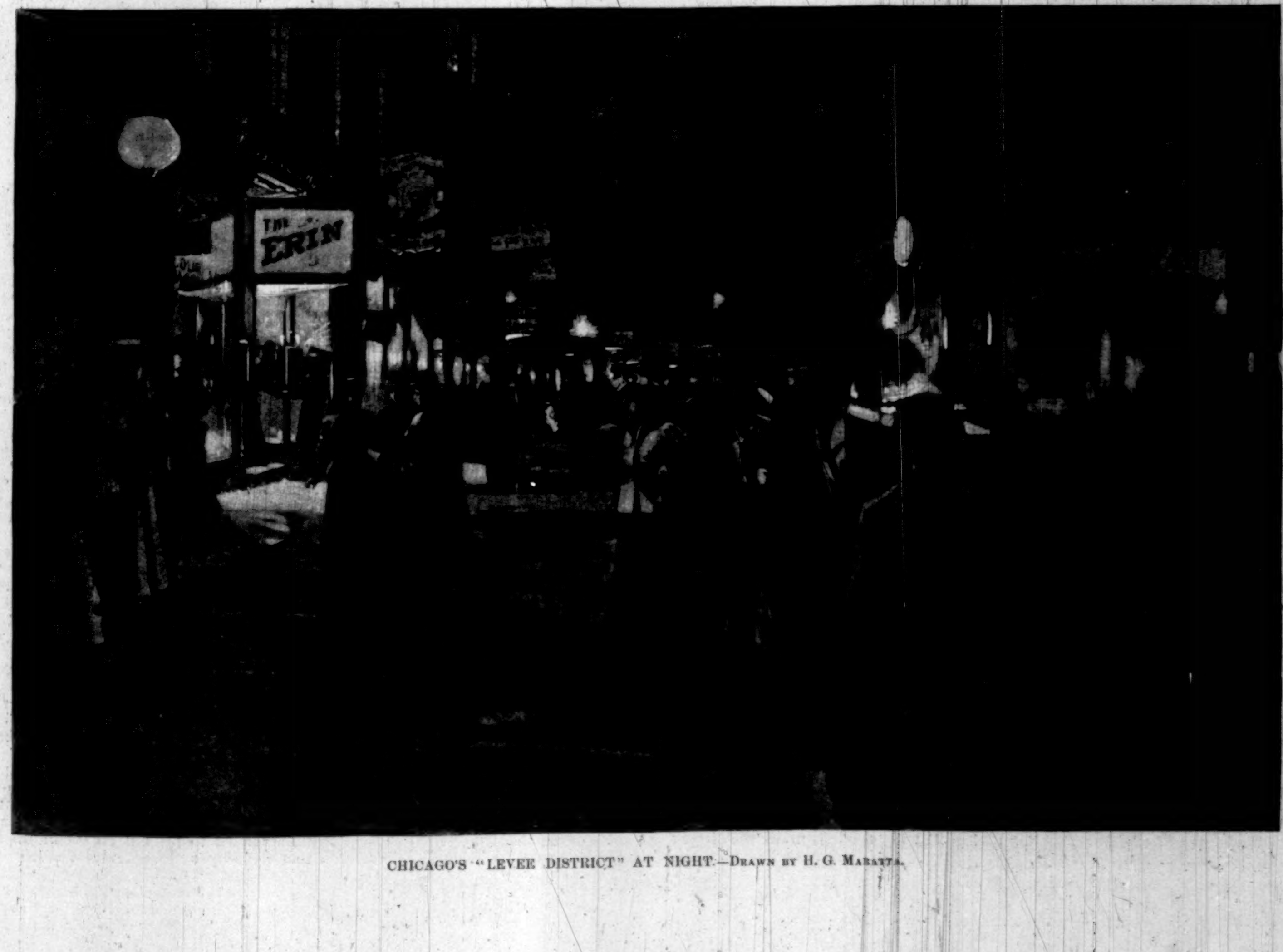
ALDERMAN W. J. O'BRIEN.
Indicted for running a Gambling-House.


Bond Sharks.
Justice-Shop Lawyer.
Prisoners, Bond Sharks and Jailers.
Detective.
Colored Bond Shark.
CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

EVENING SCENE IN THE HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY H. G. MARATTA.

result of all this, ample justification for the assertion that neither life nor property is safe in Chicago—a fact made plain by the despatches in the newspapers of the country for a year or more. We found that New York's "Tenderloin"—the "Tenderloin" of the past—never produced open lawlessness so flagrant or immorality so bold as exists at present in Chicago. Never in the "Tenderloin" or elsewhere in New York were children used as decoys for robbery and vice as they are to be found at present on the streets of Chicago after nightfall. Never in New York were pictures displayed in the windows of dives so debasing as may be seen in the windows along the "levee" in Chicago.

It is only fair at the outset to say that Mayor Harrison, when I told him what had been my errand in Chicago, and had related only some of the things that I had seen, denied vigorously that Chicago was wide open in the sense that had been charged by the newspapers. He said all such talk was newspaper calumny, originated in a desire to defeat him in his campaign for Mayor. He declared that Chicago was better morally than New York, and asserted with vehemence that police blackmail did not exist under his administration. He said that if he could get satisfactory proof that such blackmail did exist he would drive every police official engaged in it out of office. He pronounced it "the meanest, lowest, most despicable" form of municipal corruption. When I informed him that police blackmail did exist in Chicago, and that I had a list of rates charged by the police to the proprietors of the dens of infamy—a list furnished to me by a man the truth of whose assertions could not and would not be questioned, if his name were known, by any sane person in Chicago or elsewhere—he rose abruptly from his chair, pounded his desk, and asserted that I had been misinformed. He said that if I would give him the name of my informant confidentially, he would seek out the same information and act at once, and it is also only fair to say that I believe him to have been in earnest in what he said. When I made mention of the gambling that then was going on he made light of it, and said that it was only a small matter, a mere incident, "such as may be found in any large city." He declared that gambling-houses where faro and roulette were played openly, the luxurious gambling-houses that once existed in all large cities and do exist in some of our cities to-day, were not to be found in Chicago. He said an attempt had been made to open such places, and that he had closed them up. He furthermore said that no such places would be allowed to exist during his administration. I did not tell him all that I had seen, because, if he desires, he can learn all about such matters himself, and because they were of such a



CHICAGO'S "LEVEE DISTRICT" AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY H. G. MARATTA.

character that any man who even makes pretensions to refinement could not speak of them freely to another man, much less write about them or indicate their nature in print.

If any one would wish to know partly what "wide-open" Chicago means, he should spend an evening in the Harrison Street station-house. It is a low, shambly structure in the heart of the levee district, on a narrow street that runs along one of the railroad terminals. Police reporters assert that it is the "worst station-house in the world," meaning by that the place where more arrests for grave and shocking crimes are chronicled than in any other police station in the country. The cells are in the cellar, and adjoining the hearing-room are two police courts where those arrested are arraigned. The desk is in a sort of alcove in the southern end of the main room, and is screened with a wire netting. It is a busy place. As many as 300 arrests have been chronicled there in one night. It is a dull evening when fifty arrests are not made. Except for the manifest character of those who swarm in and out of the place, one might fancy it the counting-room of some financial institution, for the clink of money-changing is going on there constantly, and the shylock of the slums, the professional bondsman, stands by the grating of the desk and hour after hour reaps his harvest. In the Harrison Street station there are two shylocks who do most of the business. One is a negro about fifty years old, a member of the bar, keen in judgment and rich in this world's goods. The other is a white man, such as may be found in most police courts. The fee for each bail bond is said to be five dollars. Rarely are these bonds forfeited. If they are forfeited, the shylocks pursue their victims relentlessly, and ultimately land them in jail. Few of those arrested remain in the cells all night. One may easily compute what a paying business it must be to these professional bondsmen to have the run of a station-house like that to the practical exclusion of others, and one may form other conclusions if he so desires.

Right here should be mentioned a curious provision of the law relating to police justices in Chicago, a provision that upon reflection must seem unwise to every thinking man. The law gives to the magistrate a fee of one dollar for every bail bond he issues, and also a fee of one dollar for the continuance of any case. This makes the office of police magistrate immensely profitable, especially to the two justices who sit in the Harrison Street police courts. The object of the law, I presume, was to provide, in the first place, what politicians call "a fat thing," and in the second place, to remove all temptation of money-making from the magistrates by participating in any blackmailing cliques in police circles. These magistrates are also State officials, in that they are appointed by the Governor and not by the Mayor.

It is because of this law regarding police justices, and because of the great profit to the professional bondsmen and others, and also because of the fact that the station-house is right in the centre of the vice-ridden district, that so many arrests are made there of an evening. The system in vogue is simply a money-making enterprise, and not an agent for law, order, and good government. Suppose there are 300 arrests there, and that 250 of those arrested are bailed out. That means $250 allowed by law to the police justice who sits behind the sergeant's desk with the police officials far into the night, and $1250 for the professional bondsmen. The man who supposes that the bondsmen get all of this $1250 must be a fool or utterly ignorant of the ways of police officials in cities where corruption holds sway. I make no charges as to where this money goes, because I have no means of proving legally such assertions, and it is not my business to do so. I simply have my opinion, and others who visit or read of the place may form theirs. No one can deny that there is opportunity in that station-house for the formation of a ring of blackmailers to prey upon vice and its devotees, and that the very foundation of such a system lies in the law permitting police justices to get what is known as the "first rake-off." All this may explain why as many as 300 arrests of the vilest creatures in Chicago have been made in one night in that precinct. The same persons have been raided as many as three times in one night. On the evening of my visit I saw at least a dozen women arraigned twice, bailed out, and then permitted to go back in peace to dens of infamy.

About one o'clock in the morning business drags, and soon after the arrests for the night cease. The sponge has been squeezed dry. The miserable creatures who have been preying upon the debased have been made to give up all the money they can spare to the shylocks and others, and the Harrison Street police station resumes its normal work of caring for drunks and other ordinary violations of law. In all my experience of nearly fifteen years as a newspaper man in the four largest cities of the United States I have never seen evidences of so corrupt a condition of affairs as exists nightly in the Harrison Street police station. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say more than to assert that no such opportunity has existed or could exist for plunder in any other city of this country without the formation of a police ring to divide the spoils, and also to call attention to the fact that at the very time of my visit there was a clash between the authorities at the "central office" and the Harrison Street police. Detectives from headquarters were swooping down upon the precinct and making arrests on their own account, and when the attention of the rank and file of the Harrison Street station was called to this fact they simply shook their heads in a wise way and smiled.

It is only a step from the Harrison Street station to the centre of the gambling-district. What Mayor Harrison said about the non-existence of faro and roulette in town in elaborately furnished and luxurious gambling-houses was true, so far as I could learn. I think that if there had been any of these places in Chicago I should have found them. The only gambling games that were going on openly, and of course tolerated at that time by the police, were the games known as craps and stud-poker. Craps has long been a favorite gambling game with negroes, and many persons are inclined to think that it is a small matter, a mere throwing of dice for money. Perhaps Mayor Harrison so regards it. If he does so regard it, and if others share his opinion, let me quote what one of the best-known authorities on cards, Foster, in his *Complete Hoyle*, says of the game. After noting that it practically is a game of hazard, he says,

"It is rapidly replacing faro as the gambling game of America."

If Foster is right, Mayor Harrison's assertion, given with some show of pride, that faro did not exist in Chicago loses most of its value. If faro did not exist, its national substitute existed in a score of places. We visited nearly a dozen of these places, and in some of them our police guide in full uniform accompanied us. In others, however, the policeman would not go. This was the case in the first one we visited. It has since been raided. It was over the chief saloon of O'Brien & Powers, both men aldermen, shining lights in Chicago Democratic politics, and strong political friends of Mayor Harrison. Powers is president of the Cook County aggregation that came to New York to help out Tammany, and he and Mayor Harrison must have marched side by side on their visit. It would not do for the policeman to go into that place with us, and he called a man in the doorway, and said:

"Here are two friends of mine. They want to go up stairs."

The other man nodded his head and we went in, while the policeman waited outside for us. We stopped for a moment in the bar-room, and then went to the rear of the room and found a long stairway which led to the large room above. It is not necessary to make a directory of this article and tell exactly where this saloon is situated. Everybody in Chicago, practically, knows its location. At the top of the stairs we were scrutinized closely by a man who seemed to be on watch, but nothing was said, and we passed in. I do not know whether we could have gained admission without our new escort. In some of the other places I am sure we could not have walked in without some one vouching for us, but in most of the dens there was no attempt at scrutiny.

The description of one of these places will do for all that we visited. Because of its prominence and the politics involved, I shall tell what I saw in the O'Brien & Powers place. There were four long gambling-tables in the room. At three of them craps was being played; at the fourth, stud-poker was the game in progress. Each table was presided over by two men, one the dealer, and the other the croupier who raked in the money and chips. The tables were surrounded by from twenty to forty men, most of them young. The air was foul with smoke, and the electric lights spluttered in the haze. The men at the tables were not what might be called well-to-do. Probably one-quarter of them were negroes. There were also Chinese among them. Most of the others were men of dissolute habits. Some were thieves, and others were thugs, ready for any kind of a "job." Some of them were politicians, and others were young clerks. That grade of men known as men about town was also represented liberally. Taken as a whole, however, it was an aggregation of men of the most depraved tastes. They were simply a disgusting lot. Not for an instant could the gambling there be called a "gentleman's game." The crowd was of such a character as to make an ordinary man instinctively feel to see that his pocket-book was all right, and then to wish for fresh air.

While the dice were being thrown there was much excitement. The dealer was urging all to play fast. It kept the hands and eyes of all busy to keep track of the game. The stakes were not high—from one to three or four dollars—but there were men at the tables who had won or lost as high as from fifty to sixty dollars, so I was informed. The scene at one table was duplicated at the others where craps was being played.

At the stud-poker table there was the same kind of a crowd and similar excitement. The players bet against one another, and the house depends for its profit upon what is known as a "kitty," a certain number of the chips being withdrawn from the table in each game for the house's profit. The house is a sure winner in this game. In one of the places we visited the dealer was a Chinese, said to be one of the most expert gamblers in the United States. The dealer was constantly urging the players to make their bets fast.

Such was the gambling that was going on in "wide-open" Chicago early in December last. Since then the Civic Federation of that city has moved in the matter, and has secured the indictment of the managers and alleged owners of most of the important places. O'Brien and Powers were among those indicted. The other places that we visited were conducted for the most part by politicians of the same grade as O'Brien and Powers, some of the managers also being aldermen. The important thing about them, aside from their debasing character, was the evident fact that all were tolerated by the police. They could not have lasted for an hour without such protection, and it was worthy of note that our police guide knew exactly which ones he could enter with us, and which ones it was the part of wisdom to refrain from entering. Another noteworthy thing about them was the fact that Mayor Harrison, as I shall show later, could not have been ignorant of their existence during all the months they had been running unless he is a very dull man, which he is not. The four or five hundred dollars a night that these places were making represented the daily gain which the wide-open policy demanded and was getting through the political system in vogue there, and nothing more.

We are now ready to consider the system of police blackmail in Chicago. As I said at the outset, the list of rates was given to me by a man who has intimate knowledge of the matter—a man whose figures must be correct down to the last cent. Were I to give his name, no person would think of questioning the accuracy of his statements. So far as I know, he has never shared in the plunder. His name is on the official pay-rolls of the city, and his office and personal character are such that he would have no motive to deceive me. I told Mayor Harrison that police blackmail did exist, because of this man's statements to me, and also because I saw in my investigations resorts of such a character as never have existed in any American city, and never can exist, without police protection and consequent blackmail. This is the list of rates as given to me by this authority: gambling-houses, $50 and upward a month; panel-houses, $35 to $50 a month; saloons where music is played contrary to law, $100 occasionally; immoral places, $50 to $200 a month. There is also blackmail of large fruit-stands. There is little blackmail of saloons for Sunday selling, largely because the saloon traffic is under the direct supervision of the aldermen. It is notorious, however, that it costs $100 to get a saloon license, and $500 to get it back if once it is revoked. The matter of granting licenses and of revoking them is referred to the alderman in the ward concerned. One may see from this how important the office of alderman is in Chicago. So corrupt has this office-holding clique become in Chicago that up to July 1 last, when the law was changed, it was notorious that even the grand-jury room was not free from this degrading "hands out" system. The same man who told me of the police rates said that he had positive knowledge that a certain grand jury had demanded, and had secured, as high as $20,000 in a big gambling case, and then had returned "no bill."

This spirit of loot is everywhere in Chicago. It may be found in the City Hall, in the award and performance of contracts for public works, in the falsifying of public records, in the collection of public moneys. Evidence of downright dishonesty in these matters has been spread before the public repeatedly in the scandals of municipal administration in the city. It follows in the wake of the low class of politicians that rule the place as surely as night follows day. It is a living and continual illustration of the depths to which spoils politics will go if unchecked by a healthy public spirit.

Having investigated my subject, I went to the Superintendent of Police, Joseph Kipley, the appointee of Mayor Harrison, told him what I had seen and done, and asked him what he thought about it. I said I wanted his views for publication. He stood up in his office, placed his hands behind his back, looked toward the ceiling in a vacant way, twisted his mouth and cheeks into a half-smile and a half-smirk, and said:

"I have heard that some of the boys are playing craps a little. You know, I don't go around much. Indeed, I can't; I have so much to do right here! It isn't right to expect me to know everything that is going on in town. How could I get all over town in such a big place as this? I don't know that anything wrong is going on. We wouldn't allow that, of course—no, sir!" (This 'no, sir' was said with emphasis.) "I am sure that not a roulette wheel is turning in town." (Mayor Harrison said the same thing afterward.) "Of course little games may be running here and there, but as I said before, you can't expect me to know about them. The fact is we want to make everybody happy, to make them like to live here, you know. The town isn't 'wide open.' Of course if I could get around more I might know more of what is going on."

Did one ever hear such a piece of baby-act pleading as that? And from the chief of police in the second largest city in the Union! Did Kipley know exactly what was going on in the haunts of vice in Chicago? Of course he did, unless he is an utter fool. The disgusting part of it all was that he should attempt to palm such stuff off on any person of intelligence. Let me tell Mayor Harrison right here that if he will appoint me superintendent of police in Chicago, or any one of a hundred newspaper men I could name, or even one of a dozen smart office-boys I might mention, the superintendent of police in that city will know what is going on in that town within twenty-four hours. And when investigators ask about the condition of affairs, there will be no baby-act pleading. The response to inquiries will be:

"I have nothing to say. Go to see the Mayor."

I went to see the Mayor without being told, simply as a matter of fairness. I told him my errand, and said if he wished to make any comment, I was ready to print it. He said, promptly,

"I will say to you, as I have said to others, this town is not so 'wide open' as New York, where you come from."

"How about the gambling that is going on about town?"

"I want to say that there is not a game of faro being played or a roulette wheel turning in Chicago. I know whereof I speak. I have three special agents, paid by me from a secret fund, and not known to six other men in Chicago. They report only to me. The city treasurer or city comptroller does not know them. All administrative control in Chicago centres in this office" (no baby-act pleading there!) "and at this desk. Only those things occur in the way of vice in Chicago as occur in every large city."

"How about the crap games?"

"Well, there may be a little of that going on, but that's a small affair." (Foster, the card authority, doesn't think craps is a small affair.) "I stopped the big games as soon as they were opened. They won't open again.

"If you want to know, I'll tell you what I think about dealing with this matter of regulating things in a big city. I don't believe in closing saloons on Sunday. I do believe in lowering the blinds and in closing the front doors. I don't believe in stopping Sunday shows. I don't believe in closing saloons at midnight. The laws on the statute-books requiring these things are dead letters. Public sentiment is against enforcing them. *The man doesn't live who could shut up Chicago saloons on Sunday.* I shall not try to do it. It isn't for political reasons—that's not important especially—but because the people would not tolerate it for an instant."

"Then you don't believe in enforcing laws not approved by public opinion?"

"No, I don't, and I don't intend to try to do so."

"But your oath of office requires you to enforce all laws, and Sunday opening of saloons is against law."

"There's a difference of opinion about that. Our Sunday-closing law we interpret to mean the outward closing, the semblance of closing. That I believe in. I don't think that saloons should be wide open on the day when thousands want them to appear closed. The law does not mean actual closing. The man who drew it and was most influential in having it passed so interpreted it. If it meant actual closing, and I had to face that problem under oath, I say to you frankly I don't know what I should do. I never shall have to face that problem, and so we need not discuss that matter."

Mayor Harrison then took another tack, and volunteered this statement:

"There is one thing I want you to understand clearly. Police blackmail does not exist in this town. I won't tolerate it for a moment. It is the meanest, lowest, most despicable kind of corruption."

I told the Mayor that I was glad to hear him express such sentiments, but that it was only fair to him to say that I had a list of the rates charged in police blackmail in Chicago, prepared for me by one of the officials in the city, and that I intended to print it on such authority. It was then that the Mayor sprang from his chair and pounded his desk, saying that I was misinformed. He then said:

"I don't believe it. If you will give me the name of your informant I will try to get the same information from him, and I declare that I will drive out of office every man engaged in it. I can't believe that any police official under me is unclean. You have been misinformed."

I cannot dispute Mayor Harrison's sincerity. I am sure that his own office is clean. It was a relief to meet a man who is not a coward and who did not plead the baby act. But I have this to say in print to Mr. Harrison: if he will put his three special agents at my disposal, or will come with me himself, I will show him sights in Chicago that, as he is a manly man, will make him want to rush to the fresh air for clean breath, as they did the police reporter who was with me on my investigations. I remember that the reporter touched me on the shoulder in one place and said: "If I don't get out of here I shall faint. I had no idea Chicago was like this." I will show Mayor Harrison block upon block of vile dives, some of them kept by his political friends, all running in violation of law. I will show him gambling-saloons, notwithstanding the recent police raids. I will show him some splendidly equipped liquor-saloons, right in the heart of the city, with Hungarian bands in them, all contrary to law, and patronized by hundreds upon hundreds of the vilest creatures of the streets. And if he will stop long enough to look about in these saloons and study the depraved of both sexes there, he will understand that these resorts exist for no other reason than to cater to such trade. I will show him beggars stopping decent men with their wives and daughters on the streets, and little children hovering about doorways, ready to pounce upon drunken men so that others may plunder them.

It would not do to close this article without saying something of my interviews with two of Chicago's famous statesmen—Alderman Michael Kenna, familiarly known as "Hinky Dink," proprietor of two saloons, and Sol Van Praag, the man who was reported in the newspapers at the time to have "touched Mr. Croker" for forty dollars to get home after the visit of the Cook County Democracy to Tammany Hall. Hinky Dink said to me—I thought it wise not to disclose my full identity—that New York was "the only town" in this country. With some show of regret he admitted that many of the persons who had been in exile in Chicago since the Lexow investigation would go back when Tammany assumed power. He added: "Tammany treated us like gents. Nothing was too good for us."

Van Praag was behind his bar, serving out drinks. He wanted to talk of the Cook County Democracy's visit to New York.

"I tell you," he said, "it was a regular mascot. We have elected eight Democratic mayors on these trips." He mentioned Indianapolis, Louisville, and Syracuse as among the cities. "There we were, 285 of us gentlemen, all dressed alike, marching four abreast, and every man as straight as if he wore a corset. When we heard that Van Wyck was elected we burned up everything in the shape of loose wood we could find. Some of us burned up some money, too."

Just then there came the strains of a song from Van Praag's back room, where nearly twenty women and half a dozen men had congregated. A man with a broken barytone voice was singing some maudlin verse about a gray-haired mother, to the wild applause of the men and the shrieks of approval from the women.

"Got a fine voice, 'ain't he?" said Van Praag. "I think he's a prize. He's a Frenchman" (and here he grew confidential) "and one of the very-best-singers-in-Chicago. So you're from New York? Have a drink on the house with me. When Van Wyck gets in, it 'll be all right. Money will begin to circulate. Good-by. That fellow's got a fine voice, 'ain't he?"

So much for "wide-open" Chicago. It was wide-open, but only in the lowest and vilest ways. And who was and is paying the bill for it all? Simply the young women lured into wretchedness and the young men who are debauching their careers and wrecking their lives. And why was it permitted? Some said it was in the interest of "personal liberty," that high-sounding phrase that means so much at election-time. Others said that it was permitted so as to make money circulate.

But I found a deeper reason than these for "wide-open" Chicago. It was this: the game of national politics in 1900 is being played all over the West, and nowhere more assiduously than in Chicago. The great streams of national party movements find their most prolific sources of supply in our large cities. The men who violate the laws regarding decency in Chicago are the small-fry politicians, the men in control of the party management there. It is important for the ambition of more than one man that Chicago shall be kept in line with the free-silver propaganda. To check entirely the local politicians, men like Powers, "Hinky Dink," and "Bath-House John," would be to imperil the chances of party supremacy there.

It has been intimated that Mayor Harrison himself has heard what he fancied to be a Presidential bee buzzing about him. Why not? Why should not he be nominated, if Bryan could capture the prize? It has also been intimated that he would not be averse to a nomination for the Vice-Presidency, or, failing in that, would be glad to have a place in the cabinet of the next President, if he should be a Democrat. If these rumors, which have been printed repeatedly, are unjust to Mayor Harrison, it is probably not unjust to him to say that as a politician he desires first of all to retain his party's supremacy in Chicago, and that being accomplished, to use that supremacy to his own or some other man's advantage. The way to retain it is to allow Powers, "Hinky Dink," Van Praag, "Bath-House John," and the rest to have as large a swing as possible, ignoring the price that must be paid by the city in the ruin to its young, and the enormous damage resulting from its reputation as an unsafe and an unwholesome place in which to live—a reputation which is already costing the city hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly.

It is safe to say that Tammany will not copy "wide-open" Chicago. The days of *open alliance* with crime for political benefit or for personal gain are over in New York. That stage has passed. Vice will continue to exist in New York, as it always must exist where millions are collected, but it will not be open and shameless, as in Chicago. There will be no open gambling-rooms over saloons of Tammany leaders. There will not be block after block of low dives in full blast. Should there be police blackmail, it will not be apparent to every one. Tammany would not dare to turn New York into a "wide-open" Chicago; and I think its leaders have no such desire, for there are other ways of making money.

There is only one man in Chicago who can actually clean up the place. His name is Carter Harrison. If he had the energy and courage to undertake the work sincerely, not in any Puritanical spirit, but in a spirit of ordinary decency, he would not only build for himself such a reputation as decades could not destroy, but would add to the prosperity of the city, and to its attractiveness as a place in which to live and work. The spirit of the real, the progressive Chicago calls unceasingly to him for full liberation from active alliance with vice. The noise and clatter of pothouse politicians are such that the Mayor has heard only part of the cry. A few gambling-saloons have been raided. When will they open again?

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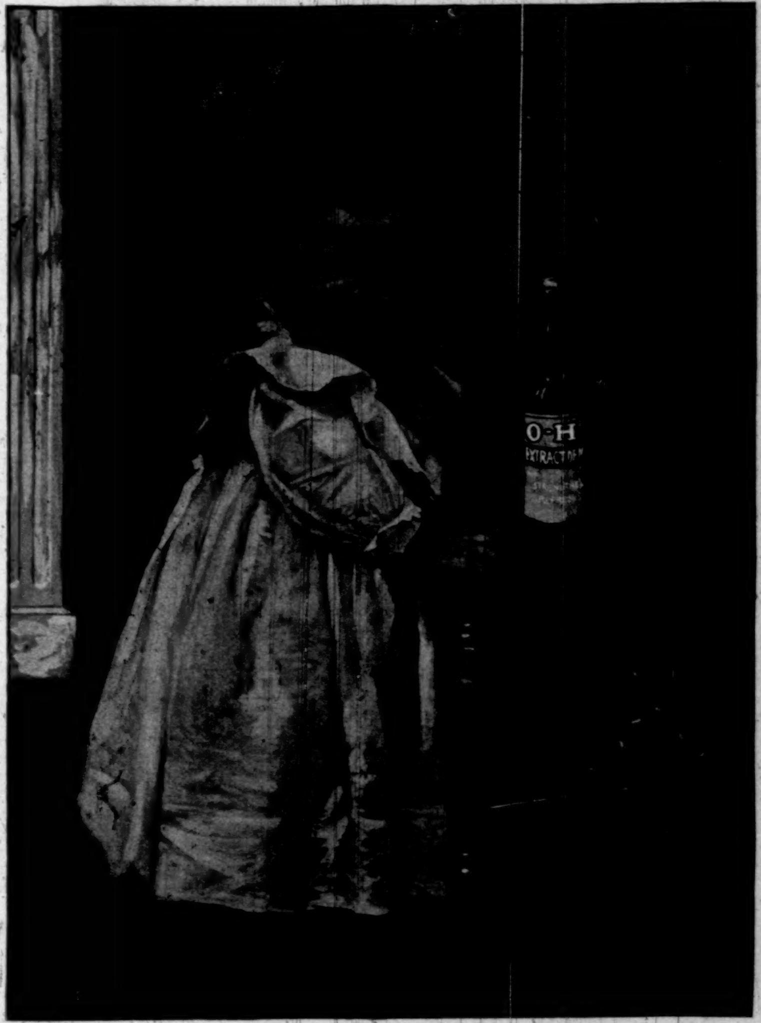

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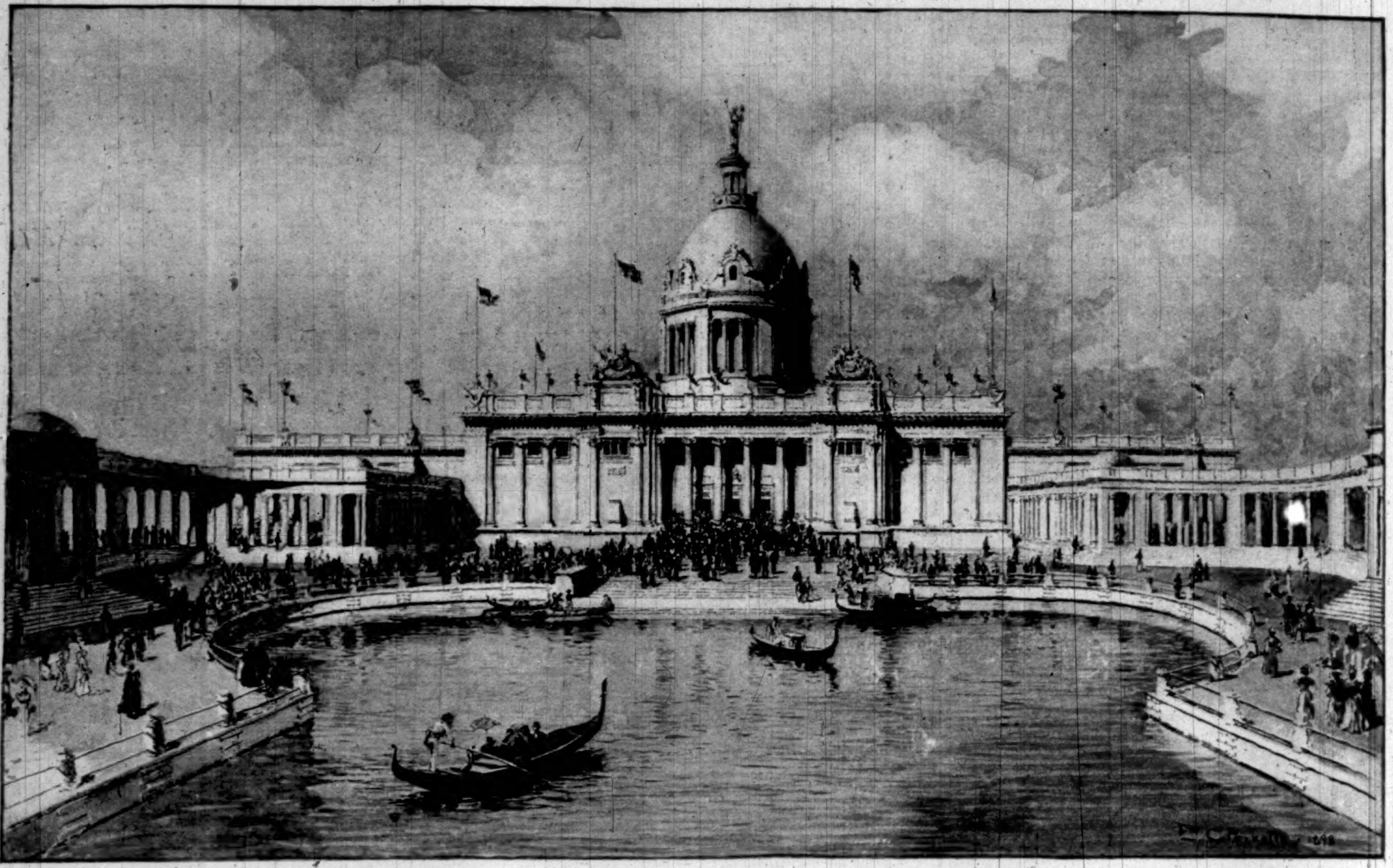

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION, OMAHA.—DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO AFTER THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SCHOOLBOY LIFE IN ENGLAND.[*]

THE foreign point of view is generally interesting, but by no means always valuable. When, however, an American, after graduating at Harvard, enters Balliol College, Oxford, and mixes with undergraduates, and noticing certain admirable traits, resolves to inquire into the system which has produced them, and for that purpose not only consults books, but resides for a time in the schools he is studying, mingling with the boys as well as with the masters, and catching much of the atmosphere and tone, the genesis of his book is natural. Such were the origin and growth of Mr. Corbin's *Schoolboy Life in England*. The result is a frank and fresh description of a very interesting subject, treated not only without prejudice, but with extraordinary insight; a book that will prove amusing to boys and valuable to students of education, whether American or English. Neither need fear that their susceptibilities will be hurt, for Mr. Corbin avoids, as far as possible, comparisons, except by inference, and reaches the conclusion that it is not English practices which American schools should imitate, but the English method of growth and expansion to meet the requirements of the social conditions.

Mr. Corbin first reminds the reader that elementary education in England is free of charge, but that secondary education is paid for at varying rates, almost nominal in the case of the grammar-schools, but increasing in amount through the different public schools, and reaching the maximum at Eton. The only institutions in the United States which correspond with these public schools are the large preparatory schools, such as Groton and St. Mark's, though the resemblance is very incomplete.

In this study of secondary education two points have impressed themselves upon Mr. Corbin:

1. That secondary education in England occupies an honorable position as an end itself, and not merely as a means to some higher end.

2. That the English secondary education is not an elaborate system, but a gradual outgrowth of the social conditions.

If you ask an English father why he has sent his son to a public school, he will probably reply, "To make a gentleman of him." Arnold added the distinction, a "Christian" gentleman. The motive in either case is a worthy one—so to shape the boy's character and manners that when he enters the world he may be able to hold his own in any position of social life. So that to have been at a public school gives a man a hall-mark quite as proudly cherished as if he had been to Oxford or Cambridge, and even more unmistakable, because the influences he has been subjected to are more pronouncedly in the direction of making a man of him.

This being the object of the public schools, it is clear that scholarship alone, as a means, would be impossible. The elasticity of the system enables boys to pursue a course of higher studies, but casts no slur on those who do not, and for this purpose includes in its means discipline and athletics. The character of the discipline is peculiarly English. It is not, as is generally supposed in America, a system of petty restrictions, presided over by a man with a stick, curtailing the natural exuberance of youth, and producing an array of craven-hearted boys quivering at the raising of the master's eyelid. Its remarkable feature, and Mr. Corbin notes it with approval, is that the boys practically govern themselves. The system of government by "prefects," or older boys, and of fagging, which has been responsible for a good deal of cruelty, just as the English Bench has been sullied by "Bloody Jeffreys," has, by a general amelioration of social manners, become shorn of its abuses. As it now exists in its modified form, the boy is a member of a little community, at the head of which are the natural leaders, whether of boys or men, the scholars and the athletes. The master, relieved from constant conflict with the boys, occupies a position of older friend, and in the "house system" presides with his wife and daughters, if he has any, over a big family. The boy, when he enters school, learns to obey his superiors in brain and muscle, and by the time he has developed is ready himself to become a leader. England, whatever her blunders—or occasional crimes, if you insist upon it—is at least entitled to the name of the "Mother of Free Peoples," and has earned it by giving to her boys generations and generations of self-government, well or ill administered. It is asserted that such a system is impossible for American boys. If so, it is a curious reflection upon free institutions, and may explain the supremacy of the boss in politics, and the inability of freemen to shake him off.

To an Englishman the position of the American teachers cannot fail to appear anomalous. In proportion to their attainments, their devotion to education, and the enormous responsibility of their duties as trainers of the next generation, they are probably the worst-paid portion of the community. Not only are their salaries small, and limited to eight or nine months out of twelve, but precarious, for there is always the doubt as to whether they will be reappointed. It is therefore impossible for them to take that place in social life that their personal qualities and the dignity of their office warrant. Consequently their influence over their scholars is limited. They are a part of the school machinery, but not of the social organization.

Despite an occasional reactionary growl, athletics are recognized as an indispensable adjunct of education. They are the English schoolboy's daily pastime, in which he indulges for the fun of them. Matches with other schools are only interesting incidents in this habit of sport. Rivalry runs high, but never reaches the intensity of eagerness to whip the adversary at all hazards. The result is not only physical, but moral; the boy learns self-control. Mr. Corbin, himself an athlete, warmly approves this sane pursuit of athletics, which the WEEKLY, in its department of "Amateur Sport," so consistently advocates. Amelioration in the tone of American athletics is probably to be found in making them habitual with boys, instead of occasional. Football, for example, if played by large numbers of boys as a daily matter of course, would soon lose its Machiavelian character. An Englishman cannot help noticing that while the American schools provide splendid machinery for developing the brains, they do very little towards giving boys an opportunity of developing their muscles. More playing-fields seem to be the great need.

In his second conclusion Mr. Corbin is undoubtedly right—that the English system of secondary education is, properly speaking, not a system at all, but a gradual growth and adaptation; not a park that has been deliberately and scientifically laid out, but one that has gradually grown around the manor-house, comprising the additions and eliminations of many generations of owners. It is only in a general way that Winchester, Eton and Rugby, the schools studied in this book, are typical. The smaller schools are adapted to the needs of their particular neighborhoods; the larger, to various requirements of the whole community. So they baffle any attempts at systematic study. All over the country are grammar-schools, founded by enlightened individuals, which provide for the boys within walking distance a higher education than that obtainable at the free schools, and at almost nominal cost. Such a one is Shakespeare's old school at Stratford-on-Avon. About fifteen miles off is a still smaller grammar-school, where the late Robert Payne Smith received his education. He was the son of a small blacksmith, and, after schooling, made his way to Oxford, where he became a fellow of his college, entered orders, and died Dean of Canterbury. In gratitude to his little school, he endowed a scholarship which for four years gives one of the scholars a free education at Oxford. The growth of these grammar-schools generally corresponds with the growth of the town, the one at Birmingham, founded by Edward VI., being a very important school. From this to the great foundation of Dulwich School, near London, founded by one Allen, an actor, or to King's College School and City of London School, in the metropolis, is but a step, and from them to the more fashionable Harrow and Eton only a short interval, with many intermediate varieties. And further elasticity is given to the system by the fact that no school stands exclusively for any one principle. Eton, it is true, gathers in the aristocracy, but its "King's scholars" are recruited by open competition. And so throughout all the schools the cards are shuffled, and what the school particularly stands for is as much independent of design as the passing of London fashion from Soho to Grosvenor Square.

There is one great difference between English and American school life which Mr. Corbin does not mention. The English boy leaves home early. His school is his world, and its tone his. The effects are sturdiness of character, tactfulness in dealing with men, but inevitably a certain exclusiveness. In America the schoolboy mostly lives at home, mixing freely with young and old of both sexes. He early gains a *savoir-faire*, or, at any rate, a *savoir-parler*. He is ready to take up life as soon as he leaves school. The result is that a well-bred American gentleman makes friends at sight, while the Englishman, as the song says, "is all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first." An appreciation of this would lead to a better mutual understanding between the cousins.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

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[*] *Schoolboy Life in England.* By John Corbin. Harper & Brothers.

A BACKLOG FANCY.

THE room is dim, the logs burn low,
  But in the fitful flash I see
Upon the wall the sunbeams glow
  Through the green branches of the tree.

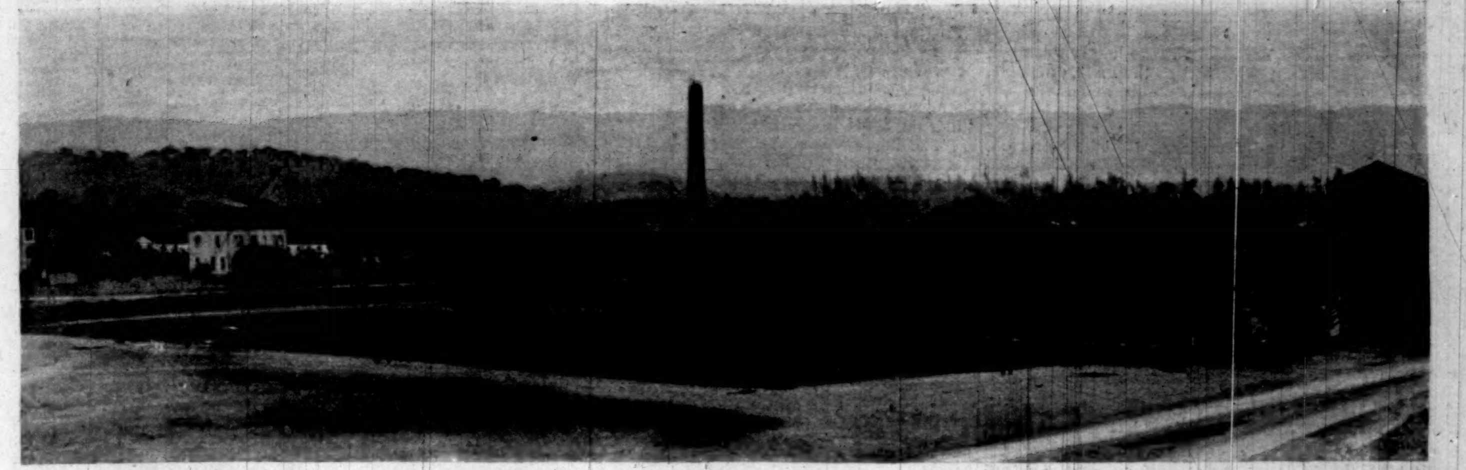
The backlog sputters, and I hear
  The forest's leafy summer note,
And in the waves of smoke appear
  The blue pool of the wood remote.

Then like a spirit, witching, gay,
  Ascends a throbbing golden spark—
A fire-fly drifting on its way
  Across the lonely marish dark.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

THE bar of Paris has lately been much agitated over the question of the admission to practice of Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin, an accomplished young lady, whose studies have been peculiarly successful. Of her fitness to be a pleading lawyer, much less of her ability for all office business, no doubt is admitted. Her sex is the only barrier—for as yet France has not taken cordially to women lawyers. Various higgling pretexts have been brought up to oppose Mlle. Chauvin's admission to the rank of an advocate. Some has been serio-comic, to say the least. Among the latter has been brought forward the genuine but dead regulation that all Parisian advocates should wear a natural pair of mustaches or side-whiskers! At last accounts the fair candidate was obliged to regard this condition as literally—a facer. It has not been presented against her as a formal objection otherwise than by a satirical press.



LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

AMATEVR · SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

On his trip across the Continent he collected data for a series of articles on amateur athletics in the West.

CALIFORNIAN ATHLETIC POSSIBILITIES.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

IN no State of the Union are the possibilities of amateur sport naturally greater than in California, and in none do they fall so far short of realization. Answerable for this are two reasons: (1) indifference to healthful athletic endeavor on the part of the usual supporters—those with money and leisure; (2) lack of an organization to unify the interests of those who have the wish for healthful sport.

This is, to be sure, rather a curious state of affairs to be found so late in the day of our athletic development, and yet my description is perfectly true to life. I shall not expect all Californians to agree with me, certainly not those whose standard of amateur sport is taken from the San Francisco daily press, but to those who bring an (athletically) untainted and unprejudiced mind to a study of the situation the truth of my synopsis will manifest itself. Indeed, I feel that I might with commendable propriety, and entire justification even, declare sufficient evidence forth-coming to put the sole responsibility for the present situation upon reason number one.

More so than in any city with which I am familiar have the San Francisco younger men of inherited fortune handicapped the natural growth of their State's amateur sport. I speak of the younger men of inherited fortune only, because it is impossible to discuss the situation without direct reference to them, and because in San Francisco, more than elsewhere, movements of any sort seem to depend for their impetus and vitality upon the generosity or energy of a comparatively few men (whose wherewithal to luxuriate comes from fathers of sterner stuff), and further, because these men have been identified so closely with the policy which is accountable for the present condition. These men in San Francisco had an unprecedented opportunity to wield their influence for good or for ill, and they chose the latter. Not only have they been indifferent to wholesome sport, but by shielding athletic renegades, and by actively supporting unwholesome athletic pursuits, they have been a positive detrimental factor.

If, on the other hand, these same men had, for example, held the Olympic Athletic Club, as it was in their power to do, up to the standard it at one time maintained, it is altogether likely there would have been no occasion to criticise the amateur sport of California more particularly than that of other States. One must know just the early relation of the Olympic Club to Pacific coast amateur sport, must hear of the personality of its first sponsors fully to appreciate the significance of its position, and thoroughly to understand the present state of affairs in California.

When the Olympic Club was organized (and not many know it antedates, by about one year, I believe, the New York Athletic Club), its membership included the most desirable social and commercial elements of San Francisco. A genuine desire for wholesome sport had been the incentive, and it found many ready responses.

That was before the element which has directed the club's latter-day policy had finished its school-days.

No club in the country occupied a more enviable position than the Olympic when I first knew it in the seventies. By-and-by there grew the desire for a handsome club-house. Like others before them and many since, the board of directors permitted business judgment to be swept aside by the clamor for the "handsomest club-house in town." The handsomest club-house became a reality, but with the consequent indebtedness came also the need for larger revenue. The club must have more members.

The desirable element is few in numbers in every city, but in San Francisco it is especially limited. Extending the membership limit and lowering the initiation fee were the means of flooding the club with just the class of men it had hitherto vigorously opposed. There is no need to mark the stages in the evolution of the club. From advocacy of wholesome sport it degenerated to a home of unhealthful athletics of every description. It lost cast in the community, or rather among those members of the community whose respect was worth the having, and lost members even more rapidly. Meantime other clubs, some in town and some in the surrounding counties, came into existence and took the degenerated club for model. Perhaps this is the most serious charge that can be laid at the door of the Olympic Club. Its own downfall was bad enough, but its seduction of others less powerful and more ignorant was vicious and unpardonable on any grounds.

It is essential to an understanding of how amateur sport in California happens to be as it is to know what influence the Olympic Club had and how it was used. It must be remembered that this club was at first and for a considerable time practically all there was of organized amateur sport in California. Its membership included all the men enthusiastic in any branch of athletic endeavor. Its house was the rendezvous of all visiting amateurs, individually or collectively. When therefore the new policy went into effect which opened the club to the "sporting" elements of San Francisco, which turned the gymnasium into an arena for prize-fighting between the choicest "plug-uglies" of the city, and raised up a professional sentiment in the club-house, the shock to wholesome sport and to the healthfully inclined in the club may be imagined. For a time they clung to the hope that the old wholesome policy would be reasserted, but they had become the minority. Gradually they lost interest, then hope, and finally and frequently resigned.

But no more detail is needful to show what an opportunity for good work this club had, and how it was used. Nor is it necessary, by the light of what I have already written, to emphasize the blighting effect this ascendency of the "sporting" element had on the amateur field. The men who retired from the Olympic Club were too discouraged to make further effort for healthful sport, and there were no others to replace them. Thus, with the future of California amateur sport in their hands, the mercenary and "sporting elements" of the Olympic Club throttled it then and there. So we find a few of the old sort in the club to-day who have continued their membership, but most of them have resigned. Those in the club are a very small and discouraged minority, whose loudest plea for honest sport could never be heard above the din of the club's "sporting" rabble; those outside raise their voices ineffectively because there is no unity of effort. And so amateur sport suffers.

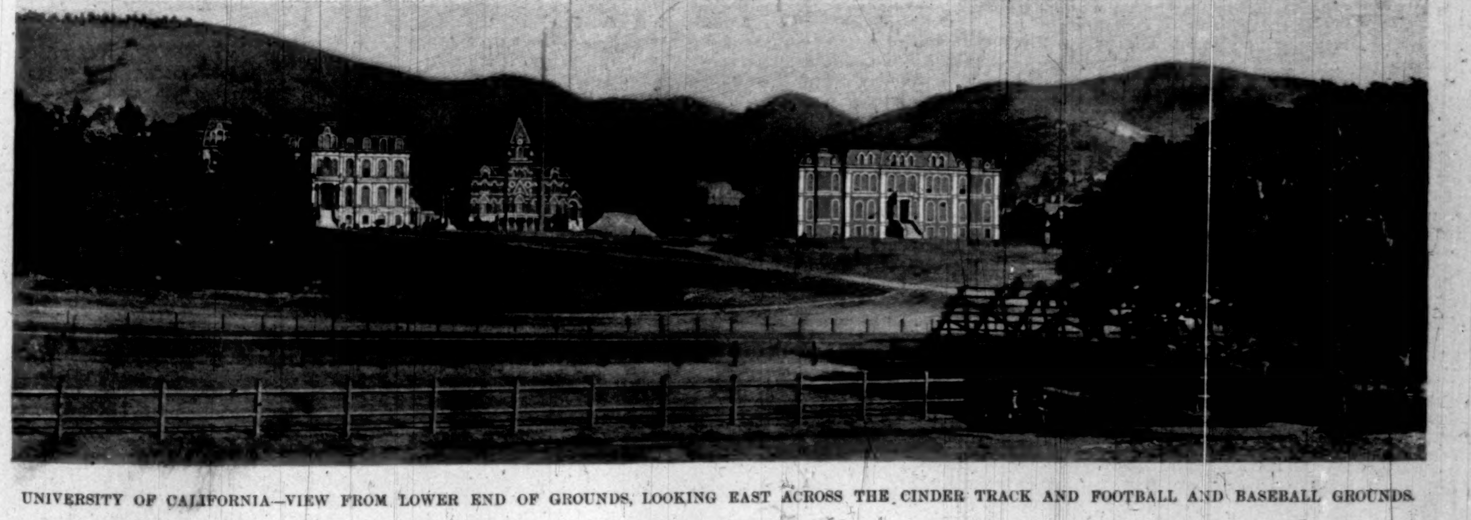
But there is a remedy for these athletic ills, and it is surely if somewhat slowly working to their eradication. Hope of athletic prosperity looms up through two channels—(1) by the development of wholesome sentiments through inter-scholastic athletics; (2) by the impending bankruptcy of the Olympic Club.

It is not often, thank goodness, that the downfall of an athletic club is cause for rejoicing, but the day an assignee takes possession of the Olympic Club, that day will open auspiciously for amateur sport in California; and, from what I learn on my present visit, that day is not far distant. The present directory and president are largely responsible for the club's athletic degradation, and have proved unequal to relieving its financial distress. None of the responsible members of the club will permit his name to be put up for election, and the day of retribution seems not far off. The better element is impatient for the arrival, for it is proposed to then cut adrift the "sporting" element which, of high and low degree, now controls the club, to reorganize, and to make a fresh start in the interest of clean amateur sport.

The other hope of wholesome athletic prosperity in California—*i. e.*, inter-scholastic organization—is already being realized. The total lack of organized athletics in the schools has always been the supreme handicap to establishing amateur sport on a permanent and wholesome basis. We may resort to all manner of encouragement, and employ every means of fostering athletic growth in our colleges, and we may even be rewarded by a measure of success. But it is all fictitious and passing unless the seed has been planted at the schools. There is the place needing our care and encouragement, and the place too which will abundantly reward our efforts. Let us be sure that the sport at our schools is wholesome, and we shall be less disturbed for its health subsequently at the colleges and in the clubs.

Inter-scholastic organization is comparatively quite recent in California, but it certainly provides the most encouraging evidence of a healthful athletic future. The Academic Athletic League of California, to give its full title, is, in fact, a most prosperous body of eighteen members, comprising the best schools of the State. Of these the more prominent athletically are St. Matthews Hall (San Mateo)—which last year, by-the-way, won the football honors of the league—Oakland High, Lowell (S. F.) High, Berkeley High, Belmonts and Hoitts (San Mateo). Their athletic year is perhaps fuller than that of any other scholastic league in the country. They have two track-athletic field-days, a baseball, football, and lawn-tennis series of matches, and a bicycle meet.

And the gratifying feature of all these contests is their unquestioned cleanliness. It has not always been so. At first great difficulty was experienced in keeping the schools free from boys enrolled for athletic purposes, and even from out-and-out professionals. A favorite source of re-enforcement was the semi-professional clubs with which San Francisco abounds. Men were to be got from these for a consideration, and carried as scholars without even the pretence of daily attendance. For a time the successful school was apt to be the one which had the



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—VIEW FROM LOWER END OF GROUNDS, LOOKING EAST ACROSS THE CINDER TRACK AND FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL GROUNDS.

most active manager. Yet another result of the Olympic Club's example.

But such methods of recruiting are no longer tolerated, and not now even attempted, although there are, of course, infractions of the rules, which are duly and invariably punished. The League is governed by a board of directors, each school having a representative who is almost without exception a faculty member. Here in California, as elsewhere, it has been found exceedingly unwise to entrust the entire management of their athletics with the boys at the schools, or, at the colleges, with the undergraduates. The Academic League has put forth many wise rules, but none more so than the one limiting the age of competitors to twenty-one years, and that other one demanding a certain scholarship standard of every candidate for any team. To attain this twelve hours per week of study are demanded, and no boy is eligible to inter-academic games unless he has entered the school he represents within three weeks after the opening of the half-year.

This is sensible as well as modern legislation, and some of it, especially that part concerning the maintenance of a scholarship standard, I commend to some of our Eastern schools, which are apt to inquire none too closely into the class-room standing of inter-scholastic entries. The nature of California schoolboys is pretty much like that of New York schoolboys, and the Academic League has had its share of trouble guarding the health of its sport from unprincipled school principals and boys willing to sell their athletic ability for a term's free tuition. But the California League is more vigilant than the Eastern inter-scholastic, and the audacious manœuvring of one or two of our New York schoolmasters would soon be checked—what is more to the purpose, it would be exposed. It would be well for Eastern inter-scholastic sport if the Association took a few lessons in activity from the California League.

There are, of course, other schools in California which have athletic sports—many of them, in fact. Every town of any importance boasts a high-school, and almost every high-school in the State has a baseball and a football team, although track athletics is not so well supported. These schools belong to no league, and play usually with local scrub teams, or, in baseball, with one of the many semi-professional nines with which California abounds, or, in football, with the school or college nearest them. Speaking generally, the ethics of amateur sport have no significance for this class of teams. Not that they are wilful or even invariable sinners. They are simply the result of a growing desire for sport, which gratifies the wish as best it can. Meantime, however, the example and the influence of the Academic League are having good effect, and I heard of two other leagues being discussed as a near possibility.

There are also a considerable number of small colleges which are practically preparatory schools, and these too have their athletics, although, except in southern California, there is no combining of athletic interests. A few of these colleges—only one or two of them, to be strictly honest—are working along the wholesome lines of sport. The majority pursue their athletic way unmindful of ethics, and a few are vicious and deliberate transgressors. Of the latter, the most prominent offenders appear to be a group of Roman Catholic colleges—St. Mary's, Santa Clara, Sacred Heart, and St. Ignatius—whose regard for wholesome sport is about as slight as that revealed at Georgetown University of the East.

There is another and a smaller group of colleges in the lower part of the State, University of Southern California, Throop Poly., and Pomona being the more prominent, which pursue athletics on more healthful lines. They hold an annual field-day, and are setting a commendable example in their part of the State. They are not above criticism, but the improvement since my last visit is guarantee of honest desire to put their sport on a good clean basis.

The only sport with pretensions to university distinction is furnished by the University of California at Berkeley, near Oakland, which is across the bay from San Francisco, and by Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto, about an hour's ride by rail from San Francisco. I particularize locations merely to show how near they are to one another and to the centre of all California life—San Francisco. At both of these institutions there has been within three years a very material progression in the science of athletics and the permanent establishment of a proper ethical standard. Truth to tell, however—although the development of playing skill has resulted from undergraduate enthusiasm and diligent practice—the cleanliness of the sport is in a very large measure due to the unrelaxing vigilance and unremittent exhortation of the faculty athletic committees—or, to be literally correct, to one or two sportsmanly members of those committees. It is quite true that there still lurks among the undergraduates a sentiment bent on winning by fair means or by foul, which on occasions finds expression, through baseball and football managers, in the playing of some man who in the spirit of the amateur law is ineligible.

The letter of the law is seldom broken nowadays, but every once in a while the faculty committee is hoodwinked by a manager more artful than sportsmanly, and men are found at Berkeley or at Stanford for athletic purposes only. Such a case, for instance, was that of Searight at Stanford last football season, and another such seems to be Sheehy at Berkeley this season.

These deflections from wholesomeness would occur less frequently if an interest less passive in the effort making for healthful sport was evinced by the faculties generally at Berkeley and Stanford, and even especially by all the members of the faculty athletic committees. It is the rule the world over that the real work of any movement, particularly if it be a new one, comes from a very few of its many sponsors. And the athletic reform movement at these two universities of California reveals no exception. A very few men at these institutions are responsible for the splendid results, and of these few the names most closely identified with the missionary work are those of Professors Frank Angell, E. B. Clapp, and Bacon. The combined efforts of these gentlemen, subscribed to by their respective faculties, have been the means of raising a very satisfactory ethical standing, and of making some praiseworthy rules to assure its maintenance. Of these none is so satisfying as that requiring a certain class-room excellence of all candidates for any of the teams. I find, too, that this is enforced more strictly at Stanford than at Berkeley, by which I judge the various professors at Berkeley are not so heartily in sympathy with healthful athletics as their confrères at Palo Alto. A less healthful student spirit at Berkeley as a natural result of this faculty indifference should not be surprising.

The undergraduate sentiment of sport for sport's sake is not very much in evidence at either of the universities, but it is hardly recognizable at Berkeley. Still, there is obviously more of it than when I visited here two years ago. It is growing slowly, and the more practical encouragement it receives from the faculty, the sooner will that body be able to solve some of the perplexing questions with which it is now confronted. By their deeds shall ye know them, rather than by their protestations.

Of club athletics in California there is hardly enough to give it a name, and shamefully so, too, for no section of our country has greater advantages and more initial material. So far as the clubs are concerned, however, all these salutary opportunities are practically lost. This because, as I have already said, of the discouraging and harmful example of the Olympic, the leading (*sic*) athletic club of California, and of the absence of an organizing force to bring together those who are ready for and desirous of unification. In any other city but San Francisco a club would long ago have been organized to amalgamate these various healthful interests. There is actually more athletic material going to waste in that city than in any one I have ever visited. It should be the site of one of the most prosperous clubs in the United States, and when the Olympic Club passes through bankruptcy, losing its present president and board of directors, and about seventy-five per cent. of its members, and is reorganized with such sportsmen as William Greer Harrison, William F. Humphrey, John Elliott, Robert Porter, and Mr. North at its head, I predict for it within three years a position second to no athletic club in America. Meantime, to emphasize the need of some such club, the Stock, Produce, and Merchants' exchanges, and the Bar Association, have their own baseball nines, and some rare good sport among themselves.

Of the clubs bearing the name "athletic," that of Los Angeles seems most entitled to it, and certainly is the most commendable from an ethical view-point. The Olympic, in its honest days, had track athletics; of late years it has confined its efforts to baseball and football. Two or three years ago its baseball nine was declared professional and disqualified, and the club itself has now been debarred from amateur sport on the Pacific coast. It gives me pleasure to say that last year ('96), with the exception of Stickney, who was paid, the Olympic's football team was composed of amateurs.

The claim of the Reliance Club of Oakland to be athletic rests solely upon a football eleven the majority of whom are not actual members of the club. It has neither baseball nor track athletics, and its mission in sport appears to be entirely one of annually collecting eleven football-players to wear its colors. It is doing amateur sport in California no good whatever; indeed, I fear its present officials are less in sympathy with wholesome sport than were those of two years ago, since I find three of its members, Lange, Maguire, and Artlett, playing professional baseball, and yet continued in good standing in the Reliance Club, while the entertainment committee has resorted to the disgusting slugging matches which as much as any single feature served to wreck the Olympic Club. There is some good, wholesome material in the Reliance Club, but it is not the kind of which we see the most frequent exploitation. The Reliance Club officials need a less pliable backbone.

The football game which I saw between the elevens of Berkeley and Reliance was the first of the season, and it would be hardly fair for me to comment on play that in consequence was very loose, and on endeavor very much undirected. It will be fair for me to say, however, that I have never seen so much "grand stand" effort. I should say that an elimination of this tendency is absolutely necessary before first-class football can be developed.

There are other "athletic" clubs, the Manhattan, San Francisco, Sacramento, Acme—all boxing clubs, with no regard for ethics, and utterly unfit, in their present shape, for membership in any organization devoted to amateur sport. There is also a Stockton Athletic Association, very much superior to these, and interested more especially in rowing.

Rowing, in fact, shows considerable activity, and, deplorably enough, most of it is on Sundays. We expect no higher conception of the fitness of things from clubs like the Pioneer and Ariel, but it is disappointing that the South End and Dolphin and Olympic (not connected with the athletic club) should be equal offenders against good form and the ethics of amateur sport. There is no rowing at the universities, although Berkeley has ample facilities. The rowing of California has never occupied a very high place in public estimation, and it never will so long as Sunday regattas and Sunday junketing are kept up.

For the same reason the Associated Cycling Clubs of California is doomed to failure. This organization is the child of wounded vanity and bitter disappointment over the unsuccessful effort of its sponsors to obtain permission for Sunday racing from the League of American Wheelmen last spring. Even in California, where Sunday is disregarded more than in any other State in the Union, the new organization has not received either the support or the approval of the best element. The genuine sportsmen of California are as wholesome and as thorough-going as the best; but there is a large contingent of "sporting gentlemen," such, for instance, as we find in the Olympic Club, who have money (and brothers and sisters who are often ashamed of them); these support Sunday bicycle-races, or a dog-fight, or any other form of excitement that may come along on Sunday. This, however, is not the element that gives substantial success to anything. The Sunday bicycling movement, I find, has not been successful. It has had a bit of superficial prosperity, but already that is wearing off, and an ignoble finish is about the only certainty upon which it may depend.

Polo, strangely enough in a country where so many of the young men ride regularly, has not made much headway. The Country Club has a team showing fair form, and in southern California, at Riverside and Los Angeles, are a couple of other teams, made up largely of resident Englishmen. The form is somewhat better, I should say, than Chicago, but not so good as that of Buffalo. Another surprise is furnished by the recent announcement that there will be no horse show this year, owing to the indifference of breeders. Considering California's relation to horse-breeding, that is surprise indeed.

The Bay of San Francisco provides ample and picturesque water for yachting, and there is a considerable fleet of small and medium sized sloops. There is racing, but cruising independently is the more customary commission to which the average yacht is assigned.

There are superabundant facilities for every kind of sport in California (perhaps the best quail and duck shooting in the United States), but several things are needed surely to permit its healthful growth:

(1) An organization that will unify the athletic interests of the Pacific coast and, along wholesome lines, work independently for their development.

(2) A first-class athletic club in San Francisco.

(3) Elevation of the Reliance and other clubs to first class, through the encouragement and development of club material. In other words, a cessation of the policy which depends for its teams on "attaching" experts. This acquiring policy is less necessary in California than in any other State I know.

(4) Absolute prohibition of Sunday games of all sorts.

A Pacific coast organization has already been discussed, and it is not improbable that the best clubs of the coast and the two California universities will shortly join in forming one. The recent agitation on this subject by the clubs expelled from the Pacific coast branch of the A. A. U. has subsided. The plan they put forth was excellent enough; but any plan, however good, would be spoiled by such sponsorship as the Olympic, Acme, and Sacramento athletic clubs. A strictly Pacific coast organization is undoubtedly needed, but not at such hands.

San Francisco, California, *October 6, 1897.*

MR. HANNA IN THE VIEW OF A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN.

To the Editor of "Harper's Weekly":

As a Southern Republican who, together with other good Republicans, has labored arduously to build up a respectable and vigorous Republican party in his State, I desire to express my most hearty endorsement of what Harper's Weekly, in its last issue, says editorially of Mr. Hanna, viz.: "To treat Hanna as the leader of the campaign for sound money, as the soul as well as the head of a fight for principle, is ludicrous. He is a very ordinary and very vulgar politician of the richest kind, who has more faith in money than in discussion, and in cupidity than in conscience. He is unworthy even of the present Senate."

This is a strikingly forcible and correct pen picture of the man. The Republican party has the very great misfortune to contain three political "bosses" of national notoriety—Messrs. Platt, Quay, and Hanna. The first has just led his party to division and disastrous defeat in New York, and the last seems about doing the same in Ohio, the President's own State. Of these three, unquestionably the most brutal and ostentatiously corrupt in his methods is Mr. Hanna. Mr. Quay and Mr. Platt are refined diplomats in comparison. Republicans at the South, who had fondly hoped to see President McKinley seize the auspicious opportunity afforded by his election and lend his aid and influence in building up a strong and respectable Republican party in our section, feel that we have a special grievance against Mr. Hanna; for he it is who has been chiefly instrumental in thwarting our hopes. He has, in every instance, I believe, used his powerful influence with the President in favor of our petty local "bosses," and of the utterly discredited "old Radical Machines" of Reconstruction notoriety, instead of in favor of the newly formed and vigorous organizations, with strong popular backing, especially among conservative and "sound-money" Democrats. Not since the war, perhaps, has a better opportunity been afforded for establishing and building up a strong, progressive, and respectable Republican party in quite a number of Southern States. The Democrats were hopelessly divided between Populism and "sound-money"; and the latter, constituting the best elements of the old Democratic party, were quite ready to lend a helping hand to a respectable Republican organization in sustaining the financial honor and integrity of the nation, but never to the old mercenary "Radical Machines." But this splendid opportunity has been thrown away by the President, at the instigation of Mr. Hanna. I make no question as to the patriotic motives of the President; but, as a prominent New England Senator told me not long since, I fear he is sometimes so pulled and hauled about by designing politicians that he hardly knows where he stands. Under such circumstances, of course, Southern Republicans, who prefer belonging to a respectable and vigorous organization rather than to a putrid carcass, had no tears to shed in behalf of Mr. Hanna when he was in trouble.

A Southern Republican.

A MUSICAL ASYLUM.

To the charitable institutions which owe their existence to musicians and their wills—as in the instances of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and many more—is now to be added the new Asylum for Homeless Children, and its "crèche," founded by the late Léo Delibes, the eminent French composer, through the careful observance of his wishes by his widow, Madame Delibes-Denain. The establishment, formally accepted by the municipality of the city of Paris, represents a great boon. It offers, with its endowment, a gift of about forty thousand dollars. The building is a perfectly appointed one in the suburb Clichy-la-Garenne, and it shelters already many of its little pensioners and guests. It is a pleasant thought in hearing "Lakmé" sung, or in being entertained with the liveliness and grace of the ballet "Coppélia," that its composer's name is cut over the door of the "Asile Léo Delibes," and that royalties on the composer's best scores and percentages on their innumerable French performances have kept little Parisians from brutality, vice, disease, and the streets.

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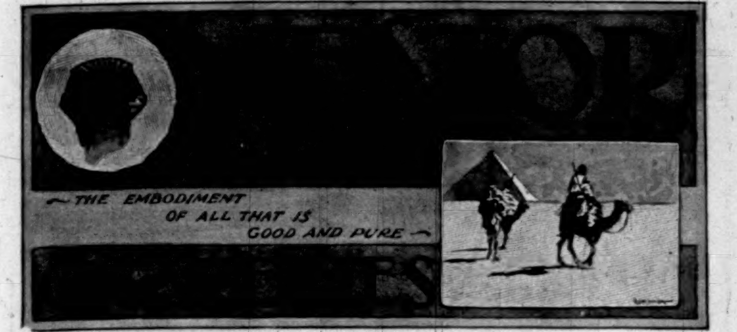

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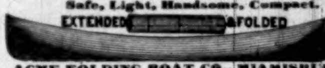

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PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$1,994,465.31
Cash on hand and in bank,	1,355,412.83
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,906,610.72
Interest accrued but not due,	227,730.38
Loans on collateral security,	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums,	299,990.19
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	228,448.75
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,612,646.78
Railroad stocks and bonds,	4,664,205.75
Bank stocks,	1,064,047.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,449,455.00
Total Assets,	**$22,868,994.16**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,365,817.22
Present value, Instalment Life Policies,	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	299,066.30
Losses unadjusted	269,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance,	25,330.58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Total Liabilities,	**$19,146,359.04**
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	**$3,722,635.12**
Surplus to Stockholders,	**$2,722,635.12**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

Life Department.

Life Insurance in force,	**$91,882,210.00**
New Life Insurance written in 1897,	**14,507,249.00**

Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	**1,235,585.39**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**13,150,350.57**

Accident Department.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897,	**15,611**
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	**307,990**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	**$1,381,906.81**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**21,210,095.96**

Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	**$2,617,492.20**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**34,360,626.53**

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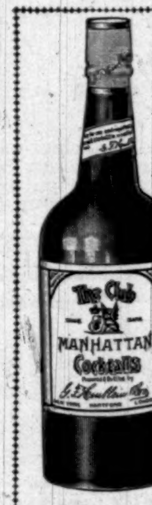

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